published monthly since 1866

Fortnightly

FOUNDED IN 1865 BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

APRIL, 1950 M N.S.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

APRIL 1950

FOUNDING THE BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE

BY A. SILLERY

THE Bechuanaland Protectorate is an area of 275,000 square miles, bordered on the south by the Cape Province of the Union of South Africa, on the east by the Transvaal, on the north-east by Southern Rhodesia, on the north by the Caprivi Strip, and on the west by South West Africa. The inhabitants are called the Bechuana, or, as the word is now spelt, Batswana, a people of Sotho origin who are fairly widely dispersed over the whole of central southern Africa. In the Protectorate, the Batswana are represented by eight principal tribes, to whom are attached a number of subsidiary ones ; these, however, are by no means all of Tswana* stock.

Bechuanaland or British Bechuanaland is a large area in the northern part of the Cape Province, inhabited likewise by Batswana. It is here that the first contacts between Europeans and Batswana were established, and where mainly took place the events that caused the area to the north of it to become a protectorate under the British Government. Bechuanaland itself was first declared a Crown colony, was then transferred to the Cape Colony, and consequently became a part of the Union of South Africa. It must not be confused therefore with the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

The picture of southern Africa in the first quarter of the nineteenth century is confused. A ferocious military genius, Shaka son of Senzangakhona, had transformed a comparatively unimportant clan into a disciplined nation in arms, aggressively expansionist, pitiless in war and fanatically courageous. Shaka's Zulus, after conquering and absorbing the tribes in their neighbourhood under captains no less fierce and cruel than their chief, set up waves of migration, like the ripples caused by a stone thrown into a pond; bands of refugees, fleeing from Shaka, dispossessed those who stood in their path, and these in turn became refugees. It was in these unpromising circumstances that Robert Moffat founded the famous London Missionary

* The Bantu noun is composed of a prefix and a root. The prefix varies according to a most elaborate noun classification. Thus the prefix mo—represents a person : Mo-tswana means a person of the Tswana tribe. Ba— represents people : Ba—tswana means people of the Tswana tribe. It is modern practice, when writing in English, to dispense with the prefixes and simply to employ the root. But since the word Bechuana, in which Be—is a corruption of Ba—, is so well known, I have thought it better to conserve the prefixes right through.

The Ngwato have a double prefix, first the Ba—, then ma—, which is a maternal prefix, a not uncommon phenomenon in this language. Bamangwato means " the people of the mother of Ngwato." They are often also called Bangwato.

Society's institution at Kuruman among the Batlhaping tribe of the Batswana of the south in 1820. The Kuruman mission was to have a great influence, not only on the people around but on those who lived in the north, in the area which later became the Protectorate.

The principal tribes of the Batswana, for some generations established on the fringe of the Kalahari, were not at first seriously affected by Shaka's wars. But at one time or another, a number of his captains engaging in these long distance forays decided not to go home, but instead, to expropriate the booty and to found nations of their own in the countries they had conquered. One such was Msiligazi, " The Path of Blood ", who with his people, the Matebele, settled first at the headwaters of the Limpopo river, near the site of Pretoria, and then moved westwards to Mosega, close by modern Zeerust, where he speedily became the terror of the people unfortunate enough to live around him.

At that time five of the eight principal tribes which now inhabit the Protectorate were living more or less in their present countries. The Tshidi clan of the Barolong, who are still divided between the Protectorate and the Cape Province of the Union, were about the Molopo river, near Mafeking; the Bangwaketse were round Kanye, their present capital, while the Bakwena were not far from their own present capital of Molepolole ; further north the Bamangwato had their headquarters at Shoshong, forty miles south of the present tribal capital of Serowe, and 300 miles away to the north-west, protected by a desert from the griefs of their compatriots, lived the Tawana in Ngamiland. Apart from internecine and inter-tribal quarrels from which these tribes were rarely free, the Batswana now had to contend with external enemies.

One of the waves set in motion by Shaka's depredations was that of a horde, part bandit, part refugee, called the Mantatees, so named because it was commanded by an Amazon called Mantatisi. In 1823 this horde swept westwards, attacked the Bangwaketse of Chief Makaba and were repulsed and then advanced towards the Kuruman mission and the terrified Batlhaping. But Moffat enlisted the help of some mounted Griquas* armed with rifles. The Mantatees put up a desperate fight, but having outrun their communications they were starving and scattered by the Griquas, whereupon Moffat had hard work to save the wounded and the women and children from the vengeful Batlhaping, who had displayed great cowardice during the battle but excelled themselves in cruelty at its successful conclusion.

After the Mantatees came the Bafokeng. This was a tribe of

* A people of mixed European and Hottentot descent, who had a settlement at Griquatown, about 30 miles north of the Orange river and about 96 miles almost due south of Kuruman.

Sotho origin, like the Batswana, which came from the Free State and marching westwards and northwards under a leader called Sebetwane, overcame all resistance, and ended up on the Zambezi where, under the name of Makololo, they established an extensive but shortlived empire.

But the worst of these marauders were Msiligazi's Matebele. From the time of his secession from Shaka until the late 'thirties this tribe was more or less permanently established on the borders of Bechuanaland, and during that time mercilessly harried the neighbourhood. Their methods were ferociously cruel and within the tribe Msiligazi maintained a savage discipline. In 1837 came relief, for the Boers attacked him at his Mosega town. Disturbed by these attacks and by those of some Zulus, Msiligazi moved to the north, and after a leisurely (and for the Batswana) destructive march, finally established himself at Bulawayo in present Southern Rhodesia. Here the Matebele continued to be a source of anxiety to the northern tribes until their defeat at the hands of the forces of the Chartered Company and the death of their Chief Lobengula in 1893.

Amidst all these troubles the missionaries at Kuruman worked serenely. Their principal preoccupation was with the Batlhaping in the south among whom they lived, but Moffat visited the Bangwaketse under the warlike Makaba, just before that chief was killed by the Bafokeng in 1824. He also obtained an extraordinary ascendancy over Msiligazi of the Matebele, to whom he paid five lengthy visits between 1829 and 1859, the first two while the Matebele were still in the Transvaal, and the other three when they were at Bulawayo. In the course of these last journeys he travelled through the present Protectorate and met the Bakwena under chief Setshele, and the Bamangwato, then under Sekgoma, father of Kgama III, grandfather of the regent Tshekedi and great-grandfather of the heir Seretse.

But with the disappearance of the Matebele there arose a fresh danger for the Batswana. The " great trek " of the Boers away from the irksome restraints of the Government of the Cape, had the effect of bringing the hardiest and most intractable of the *Voortrekkers* right up against the frontiers of Bechuanaland. This uneasy juxtaposition of Boer and Bantu, punctuated by skirmishes and forays, continued for a long time, and the affairs of Bechuanaland, especially in the countries of the Barolong and the Batlhaping, degenerated into chaos. In 1878 the Batlhaping rose and murdered some traders and the mission at Kuruman was itself threatened. This disturbance was speedily suppressed ; a greater trouble was caused by the " free-booters " or "filibusters". These were land grabbers, mainly from the neighbouring Boer Republics, who, on one pretext or another, seized and occupied the land of the Batlhaping and the Barolong.

The methods employed were varied and ingenious, but one of the most effective was to extract from warring chiefs promises of land in return for armed assistance. Thus Chief Mankurwane, of the Batlhaping, at war with a neighbouring chief, engaged 400 volunteers. Each one of these men was offered a farm of 3,000 morgen and in addition half the total booty was to be divided among them. Thus provided, the volunteers forthwith established a headquarters at a place they called Vryburg, elected a president and established the independent republic of Stellaland in the heart of Mankurwane's country. By equally robust methods the republic of Goshen was established at Roiigrond, on the borders of the Transvaal, near Mafeking. But these proceedings, unconventional as they were, were as nothing to the outright pillage and robbery in which many of the filibusters engaged. In fact the country of the Barolong and of the Batlhaping had become a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground in which every sort of scallywag, on one pretext or another, but often without any pretext at all, might indulge his appetite for loot.

The most redoubtable opponent of this state of affairs was the Reverend John Mackenzie of the Kuruman mission. Like Robert Moffat a Scotsman of humble birth, he had served a long apprenticeship in the country of the Bamangwato where he had been a witness of the quarrels in the chiefly house which later led to the expulsion by Kgama of his father Sekgoma, and to Kgama's own assumption of the chiefship in his father's lifetime. Placed in charge of Kuruman in 1876, Mackenzie had seen the rebellion of 1878, and had conceived a strong liking for Lieutenant Colonel Charles Warren, second in command of the force which had come to suppress it.

Mackenzie deplored the withdrawal of the British forces which had occupied Bechuanaland for some time after the disturbances, and never ceased to campaign for a British protectorate, which, in his view, was the only way the natives could be given fair play and secured in their lands. In this campaign he had an ally in Cecil Rhodes, though the motives and methods of the two men were radically different and each was very critical of the other. Rhodes, as always, had his eyes on an empire in the north. It was absolutely necessary for his purposes that Bechuanaland, his " Suez canal " to the interior, should be controlled and safeguarded. But whereas Mackenzie advocated government from London, Rhodes favoured annexation by the Cape Colony.

In 1882 Mackenzie went to England, to battle for his idea of a British protectorate. In 1884 the British Government, stiffened by clear signs of German expansionist aims in South West Africa, and fearful of a link between the Germans in the west and the Boers in the Transvaal, at last decided to establish a protectorate over Bechuanaland, and took the unusual step of appointing the miss-

ionary as Commissioner. He hurried out to his new charge, informed the flabbergasted burghers of Stellaland that their government had ceased to exist and tried to do the same to the people of Goshen but, as they refused to listen, he had to read his proclamation to the empty air. He saw Chiefs Mankurwane of the Batlhaping and Montshiwa of the Barolong and persuaded them without difficulty to come under British jurisdiction, and returned to Vryburg, where he found that the former President, van Niekerk, whom he had appointed as his assistant in that region, had decamped and that the conduct of affairs had been assumed by a " Volks Committee ". He was recalled after about three months' tenure of office and replaced by Rhodes. Much has been written on the reasons and justice of his recall ; in all the circumstances it is difficult to see that he ever had a fair chance to show what he could do. Rhodes pacified the Stellalanders by recognizing the land titles given by Mankurwane—though Mackenzie went as far in this direction as now seems wise—but had no more success than his predecessor with the people of Goshen. At the very moment he was engaged in these negotiations the Goshenites attacked Mafeking, which was in the country of the Barolong, annexed Montshiwa's country on behalf of the Transvaal and hoisted the Republican flag at Mafeking. Just before Rhodes's visit the same filibusters had raided the Bangwaketse, seized large numbers of cattle, and had then trailed their coat through the country of the Barolong. The Barolong rushed out to recover their allies' cattle, and in the course of the engagement which followed, the Barolong were defeated, and the Englishman Bethell was killed. Bethell had been sent to Mafeking by Warren in an official capacity after the rebellion of 1878 and had remained there when the occupying force was withdrawn, hunting and trading and acting as adviser to Montshiwa; he had been appointed to the Police when Mackenzie became Commissioner. The raids on the Barolong and on the Bangwaketse, the annexation of Mafeking and the death of Bethell, were really more than the British Government could stand, and a strong force of good troops was sent out under the command of Mackenzie's old friend of 1878, now General Sir Charles Warren, with instructions to remove the filibusters, to restore order, to reinstate the natives in their lands and to prevent further depredations. Warren, in company with Mackenzie and Rhodes, met President Kruger of the Transvaal, or South African Republic, at Fourteen Streams, and left him in no doubt as to what he intended to do. Still accompanied by Mackenzie, Warren then marched with brisk efficiency through the country, the filibusters melting away before him. It was a bloodless but impressive display of force.

But in the meantime the British Government had got into its stride : by an Order in Council of January 27, 1885, provision had been

made for the exercise of British jurisdiction in " the territories of South Africa lying to the northward of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope and to the westward of the South African Republic," and while he was in Mafeking Warren was told that the German Government had been informed that Bechuanaland and the Kalahari were under British protection. Warren and Mackenzie set out for the north without delay to announce the protectorate to the chiefs of the Bangwaketse, Bakwena and Bamangwato. Gaseitsiwe of the Bangwaketse and Kgama of the Bamangwato, were both eager for the Protectorate, especially the latter, who had been wanting it for years ; Setshele of the Bakwena was more difficult, but came round in the end. All the chiefs offered large tracts for the use of British settlers, who, it was understood, would in case of necessity defend the country against attack. One difficulty arose from the fact that Warren only had authority to declare a protectorate as far north as latitude 22°. This, as Kgama pointed out, had no meaning ; " it speaks of nothing which has existence " since latitude 22° divided his country in two parts. Instead, he offered his whole country.

In August, 1885, his mission accomplished, Warren was recalled. He had proposed a plan of government for the whole of Bechuanaland, including the area north of the Molopo, modelled somewhat on that of a Crown colony. But the Imperial Government was at that time in no mood for anything but the most limited responsibility towards the territories in the north and nothing further was heard of the Warren plan. Nor were the offers of land made by the chiefs taken up. Nevertheless in September 1885 the land south of the Molopo was proclaimed to be " British territory " (it became part of the Cape Colony in 1895 and is now, of course, part of the Union of South Africa), while the area north of the Molopo* up to latitude 22°, remained under " British protection ". In 1891 another Order in Council took the northern boundary of the Protectorate, as Kgama had wished, up to the Chobe and Zambezi rivers.

Much time was to elapse before the Protectorate attained the status of a fully fledged British dependency. But it was in 1885, as a result of Mackenzie's campaign for British intervention, the troubles on the southern border which resulted in the Warren expedition, Rhodes's demand for a peaceful trade route to the interior, and the British Government's anxiety about the Germans in South West Africa, that its foundations were laid.

(*The author is Resident Commissioner for the Protectorate and writes from Mafeking.*)

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* On the eastern side, where the railway crosses into the Protectorate, the boundary is in fact the Ramatlhabama stream, which is a tributary of the Molopo, and is at that point about 18 miles north of the main river.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AMAZON

By Willard Price

THE next hundred years may quite possibly see the transformation of the Amazon basin, one of the largest of the earth's " empty spaces", into a vast tropical granary and a home for millions of people from overcrowded lands. Such an eventuality would have far-reaching effects on the social and economic future of mankind. Its importance in President Truman's " Point Four " programme—the development of backward areas as a solution to world economic problems—is self-evident.

After two false starts, a real effort is being made to tame Amazonia. The first start was the rubber boom of 1900-1912, which collapsed when Brazil's wild rubber was supplanted in world markets by plantation rubber from south-east Asia. Aside from the mansions and the ornate opera house of the jungle city of Manaos, this left few marks because, instead of developing the region, the rubber barons bled it, taking out everything they could. The second false start was the rubber boom of the 1939-1945 war, caused by the shutting off of Asian rubber supplies. It was also exploitive, but an important result was the health service inaugurated by the United States to improve the productivity of the *seringueros*, the men who gather rubber from the forest depths. The astonishing success of the service played a part in inspiring the present programme, which aims at turning the huge, dangerous wilderness into a healthful, habitable homeland that may become the breadbasket of the world. For something comparable in scope we must go back a hundred years to the winning of the North American west.

To understand the programme and its problems one should first consider the size and variety of Amazonia, the territory drained by the mighty river and its tributaries. It is a gargantuan region, almost as large as the United States, comprising half of Brazil and large areas east of the Andes in Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela. Contrary to common impression, it is not all jungle. It includes temperate plateaux and great grassy plains as well as teeming swamps and forests.

The Amazon itself nearly spans the South American continent. Rising in the Peruvian Andes, it flows 3,900 miles to empty into the Atlantic through an estuary 167 miles wide. " We are now beginning

to cross the mouth of the Amazon," announces the stewardess of a Miami-bound plane, and thirty minutes later, " We have just finished crossing the Amazon." This river discharges about twenty times as much water as the Mississippi ; 2,800 miles up it is still as big as the Mississippi at its mouth. But to see Amazonia it is necessary to travel far back from the main stream over the plateaux and pampas that lie between the jungle belts along the tributaries. The Amazon is here a maze of waterways wandering amid innumerable islands. Stretching away to the horizon is the luxuriant jungle—a green mat splashed with the chartreuse, red, yellow, pink, orange and blue of flowering trees and vines. White-columned forest giants tower 200 feet into the air. The mass of verdure is like a canopy, the roof of an arboreal world filled with hordes of insects, brightly plumaged birds and the howling monkeys whose outcries fill the forest at dawn and dusk. This is the " green hell " of Amazonia.

The climate is not unpleasant. Although the 'plane's course lies within three degrees of the equator, the heat is not as intense as in many American cities in summer. On the river the traveller is comfortably cool. Ashore the sun is hot, but at night one needs a blanket. And in the eternally dim, cathedral-like aisles of the forest the air is cellar-cool, though it is apt to be damp, for the rainfall in places is 200 inches a year. The jungle screen is parted by the Amazon's great tributaries. There is the magnificent Tapajoz, which ejects sky-blue waters into the Amazon's dun flood. At Obidos the many Amazons become one and the river, in its descent from one of the shelves of its great plain, flows swiftly in a deep, mile-wide channel between high banks. But soon there is another change ; beneath the 'plane an inland sea studded with islands appears. Here in flood season the river may overflow an area 200 miles wide.

On the coal-black Rio Negro, largest of the Amazon's northern tributaries, is Manaos, the trade centre for Brazil's hinterland. Here one may see freighters from New York or Liverpool. During much of the year ocean-going ships may steam another 1,200 miles up the Amazon to the port of Iquitos, Peru, for cargoes of cattle, hides, timber, rubber, balata or tagua nuts. With its tributaries the Amazon provides 50,000 miles of navigable rivers—a fact of prime economic importance. Indeed, to the traveller there seems to be entirely too much water. But before dismissing the region as a useless, waterlogged jungle he should fly over the back country. Less than five per cent. of Amazonia is subject to floods. Large parts of it are open prairies at altitudes of 2,000 feet or more, fertile and reasonably cool. And the southern portions of the basin, in the states of Matto Grosso and Goyaz, are rich in minerals.

The big lack is manpower to develop the country's wealth. The Indians are few, the pioneers fewer. The territory of Rio Branco,

for example, north of Manaos, has an area of 97,000 square miles and a population of 15,000. Under present plans this will be remedied.

Aside from manpower what are the chief problems to be overcome in developing Amazonia ? One is health. There is a prevalent notion that climate and tropical diseases make the Amazon basin unfit for settlement by people from the temperate zone. It is true that communicable diseases take a heavy toll in some areas. But these can be eradicated, as they have been elsewhere. Another is the physical problem of clearing the jungle and establishing the adjuncts of civilized life. This is not to be accomplished overnight, but it is being done. It has been said that the soil, once cleared, is subject to leaching by the sun and the heavy tropical rainfall and will become too poor to support intensive agriculture. There is danger of this in certain areas, but much of the soil is very rich and can be protected by scientific cultivation. Aside from the main rivers, communication has been almost non-existent. This lack is being met at the moment by a dramatic development of air transport coupled with colonization. Finally, there is the problem of the Indians. Some tribes in the interior are hostile and are apt to greet strangers with blow guns and poisoned arrows.

The new programme for Amazonian development is many-sided—governmental, private and international. Taking the lead in physical development is the Brazilian Government, with its vast colonization plan. On walls in Rio de Janeiro posters read : " Go West, Young Man," and adventurous coastal Brazilians are responding. Pioneers are trekking back into the wilderness on the watersheds of the Tocantins and Xingu Rivers in vast numbers. Twenty-six regularly scheduled 'planes land each week at Anapolis, a rough-hewn frontier town 1,000 miles north-west of Rio. Fifty thousand Brazilians pass this region each year on their way to booming communities not to be found on the maps of ten years ago.

With the colonization plan goes the *Plano da Valorizacao da Amazonia* (Amazon Development Plan), which is to direct into Amazon valley development for the next 20 years three per cent. of the Federal revenues plus three per cent. of the income of the states in the Amazon basin. Chiefly responsible for colonization is the Central Brazil Foundation, an agency supported by both public and private funds. Its big project is the development of air communication. The building of what Brazilians call " The Great Diagonal " is a project to stir the imagination. The most direct air route from the United States to Rio lies over the Amazon valley, across 2,500 miles of wild country. The diagonal will cut a swath of civilization through the wilds, establishing airfields, mines, factories and a whole string of growing towns.

The problem of disease is being dealt with in several ways. Brazil is

sponsoring a programme which trains a hundred *visitadoras* (visiting nurses) a year for service in Amazon villages. Since 1942 it has organized 27 health centres, provided waterworks for six cities and made surveys for eight more, and has eradicated malaria from a number of communities which formerly had an incidence as high as 80 per cent. The opening wedge of the health effort is the U.S.-Brazilian organization *Servicio Especial de Saude Publica* (Special Public Health Service) usually known as SESP. The United States organized the service during the war in order to aid in the extraction of rubber from the Amazon jungle. Now the personnel and most of the money come from the Brazilian Government, only a moderate amount of technical assistance being contributed by the United States. The chief targets of the campaign are the four great menaces in the Amazon valley, malaria, yellow fever, typhoid, and amoebic dysentery.

Agricultural problems are being tackled by another government organization, the *Instituto Agronomico del Norte*, headed by Dr. Felisberto Camargo, one of Brazil's leading professors of agriculture. One of his achievements is the salvaging of the big rubber plantation development along the Tapajoz at Fordlandia and Belterra, sponsored by the Ford Company. When Ford efforts failed, partly because of leaf rot, the plantations were sold to the Brazilian Government and Dr. Camargo was called in. He has succeeded in rehabilitating 2,250,000 rubber trees at Belterra, and he has turned Fordlandia into a great experimental farm for the production of a wide variety of trees, fruits, grains and vegetables.

The question whether cleared jungle soil is badly leached by rains was asked of a young settler ; he said there was trouble sometimes, but that on the whole the soil stood up well. He showed me astonishing gardens of beans, rice, corn, lettuce, cucumbers, radishes and carrots. There were banana plants and young mango, avocado, cocoa and breadfruit trees. His vast land included a tract of good pasture covered with elephant grass and stands of fine hardwoods, mahogany, cedar and Brazil nut trees. One of his chief troubles was that things grew too fast ; a bamboo shoot can grow a foot in a single night. He was a small operator. At the other extreme are the great private concerns, each ruling an empire larger than the average European nation. The Araujo organization, headed by Agesislau Araujo, a modest and kindly gentleman who does not assume the airs we might expect in one who is known as " The Emperor of the Amazon," operates a territory larger than France, extracting hundreds of jungle products and exporting them to North America and Europe. Great areas have been cleared, factories started, and new towns built.

Of greatest importance in the long run is the United Nations project, still in its formative stages. The three years since it was first proposed by the Brazilian biologist, Paulo Carneiro, at a session of

UNESCO, have been well used. Its purpose, which is to take advantage of the Amazon valley as a laboratory for the study of the adaptation of man to tropical environment, is on the way to realization. Appropriations have been made by UNESCO and the nations participating. These include not only those contiguous to the basin but others with tropical interests, among them Britain, France, the Netherlands and the United States. Science teams already in the field include physical geographers, soil experts, botanists, zoologists, ecologists, anthropologists, agronomists and nutritionists. They know the Indians have found the Amazon habitable ; they want to learn how to make it so for others.

The final problem—the stubborn opposition of some Indian tribes, notably the Chavantes—is being met by Brazil in a fashion almost without parallel in the contacts between a primitive and a more advanced people. The Brazilian Indian Protection Service has laid down the rule that the Chavantes must be won over by a policy of non-violence. The motto is : " Never kill." On the route of the Great Diagonal I flew over a Chavante village with a pilot who dropped pots and pans, scissors, toys and food, only to see the packages smashed to bits by the heavy, three-edged *bordunas*, or war clubs, of the warriors. In other villages, however, the gifts were accepted. Hostility is fading as the Chavantes find that their showers of arrows never bring gunfire. Although the Indians cannot be called effusively friendly, some are actually helping to build airfields.

No region in the world has a greater future than Amazonia. Tropical waters will be harnessed for power. Disease will be conquered. Cattle will dot the ranges, Huge stores of manganese, chrome, mercury, tungsten, copper, bauxite and other minerals will flow from this and adjacent regions of Brazil to a mineral-hungry world. Population growth will be phenomenal as men go into Amazonia to stay, not clean up and make a quick getaway. But all this cannot come about through individual enterprise. This is not the sort of frontier that yields to the axe of the lone pioneer. Settlers must be backed up by public effort on a very large scale, by co-operation on a national and international basis. Continuance of officially sponsored colonization, health measures, soil study and flood control will be needed in increasing measure.

The results, however, should be worth the effort. The development of Brazil's resources is necessary, first, to the defence and welfare of the Atlantic nations. Beyond that, the riches of the undeveloped Amazon basin hold magnificent promise of easing the world's economic and ecological tensions. In such constructive work the people of the earth might submerge their destructive tendencies.

FRANCISCO DE MIRANDA

By William C. Atkinson

RARELY in history has a boomerang been thrown with more certainty of its eventual return than when, in 1780, Spain sent an expeditionary force to help the North-American colonists in their revolt against England. It was doubly imprudent to include among its officers a young captain from the New World who, having served his King in Spain and North Africa for a decade, carried with him an accumulation of grievances against the Spanish Crown not wholly unrelated to certain new ideas of liberty he had been imbibing in Madrid in the study of foreign languages and the reading of forbidden authors. Fortuitously aggravated in the West Indies by charges that touched his personal honour, they led him on the signing of peace to take French leave.

For eighteen months Miranda journeyed through the newly liberated United States, studying the recent campaigns and the nature of this new free society and its system of government. He got to know all its leaders, from Washington down, and broached with several of them the great ideal already shaping in his mind of seeing freedom achieved too in the South. It was from them the suggestion came that England and English sea-power would be essential to any such enterprise, a strange suggestion enough in the circumstances ; but Miranda had already come to appreciate that the Thirteen Colonies, in throwing off the English yoke, were acting in the very spirit of that English Constitution which had filled him with admiration even before he took their advice and, in January 1785, set foot on English soil.

In London Miranda sensed a continuing atmosphere of " embarrassment and disgust " at the loss of the colonies. No responsible statesman was going to risk burning his fingers, as yet, in a second imperial fire, still less to invite a renewal of war with France and Spain ; and Miranda, still a soldier, decided to go to Prussia in the meantime and see Frederick the Great review his army. He was minded to go further and make a systematic study of European governments and political systems, for the position in South America differed at least to this extent from that in the North that emancipation followed by a régime patterned on that of the mother country would leave the colonists no better off.

By the time he returned to England, close on four years later,

possessed of such a knowledge of Europe, its institutions and its great men as few Europeans and certainly no Englishman of that day could rival, he had travelled widely through Holland, Germany, Bohemia, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium and France. He had found every door open to him wherever he went, and he was at once a much more mature and an infinitely more consequential person when he again reached London.

One Pownall, an ex-colonial governor in North America who had while there become keenly interested in the Spanish Indies, now paved the way to the official contacts Miranda desired. Speaking to Pitt of the situation in South America as " a mine already charged," Pownall suggested that if England cared to apply the match she might upon the consequences lay a firm basis for her future power and develop " an almost inexhaustible source of commerce," such as might even enable her to pay off some part of the National Debt. Miranda he mentioned as a person well fitted for the planning and execution of that vast design, and, a dispute with Spain having just then arisen over the Nootka Sound issue, Pitt invited Miranda to meet him one Sunday in February 1790. Miranda, who had maintained with his native land such contacts as were possible, professed himself authorized to speak in the name not merely of Venezuela but of Latin America, and he presented to Pitt an eloquent memorandum expressing South America's hope that, " being united by a solemn compact with England, establishing a free and similar government, and combining a plan of commerce reciprocally advantageous, these two nations may form the most respectable and preponderant political union in the world." He asked for a mere 12-15,000 men and 15 sail of the line, the former to offset the vast distances and difficulties of communications, the latter to cope, as only England could, with the Spanish fleet.

The memorandum proceeded to outline some ideas on future government. First and most important, Miranda held feasible what Spain had found impossible in practice, one vast unitary régime stretching from the Mississippi to Cape Horn. And, believing in England, " the most wise and celebrated power upon earth," he still believed in kingship, proposing a hereditary emperor and a bicameral legislature. Provision for censors, aediles and quaestors bespoke his studies in Roman history. Less arbitrary, and more interesting as foreshadowing the Indianist trend of much recent political and social thinking in Latin America, was the suggestion that the emperor should be chosen from among descendants of the Incas and that the senators should be styled, after an Indian term for over-lord, *caciques*. Miranda here rejected, by implication, the suggestion then fashionable in Europe that the Indian represented an inferior species of humanity, and paid tribute to the infinitely heroic

and tragic uprising of the Indians of Peru under Tupac Amaru, himself of Inca blood, only ten years earlier.

It was a noble project, and Miranda believed for a moment that the stars in their courses were on his side. But only for a moment. The Family Compact between France and Spain, a Bourbon contrivance, had become largely invalidated through the events of 1789, and Spain suddenly abated her intransigence over Nootka Sound. " I am sold," said Miranda bitterly, " by a treaty of commerce with Spain," and he denounced Pitt as a monster of Machiavellianism. It was a hard lesson for the idealist that an object, to him, of such patent and elementary justice as the disruption of the Spanish empire should have to wait on circumstance. Pitt assured him that in the event of a future war with Spain the project would not be lost sight of, but that was small solace to Miranda. Tempted at first to return to Russia, he eventually decided that, with France now wedded to liberty, equality and fraternity, the future of his hopes lay there. In March 1792 he accordingly crossed the Channel once more.

It was to have been a brief exploratory visit ; it became a stay of close on six years, a chapter in Miranda's life woven of vicissitudes more extraordinary than any that had yet befallen him. Meanwhile France was now at war with England, and for the next four years Miranda was tied in effect to the environs of Paris. Here he had the misfortune to incur the particular enmity of Robespierre, who denounced him as a Girondist, and in July 1793 he was arrested and imprisoned for eighteen months under daily expectation of the guillotine. Robespierre's fall and death in 1794 brought release at length and a respite from molestation, during which we have a picture of " this veritable Don Quixote of Republicanism " devoting himself to the study of science and art. One day his company to dinner included Napoleon, who took him to be a spy of both England and Spain but a remarkable man withal.

Arrested anew within six months, again on charges of conspiracy against the régime, he was threatened with expulsion to Switzerland. In 1797 his name figured in a list of intended deportees to Guinea, and Miranda opted to make his own choice of his next abode. France and Spain having signed a new treaty of offence and defence, he learnt that the British Government was once more harbouring the idea of action against Spain in the New World; and in January 1798, disguised with a wig and green spectacles and using an old Russian passport, he made his way to Calais and thence to Dover, his confidential papers concealed in a trunk with a false bottom that did not elude the English customs officer. Pitt gave him audience forthwith, asked for and accepted his credentials—based on contacts made latterly in Paris—as " principal agent of the Spanish-American

colonies," appointed, so Miranda affirmed, by a junta of deputies representing Mexico, Peru, Chile, La Plata, Venezuela and New Granada, and fell to discussing with him plans of the operation and the liberators' subsequent intentions, " because, if you had intended to introduce a system like that of France into Spanish America . . ." Miranda assured him that an alliance with England, and if possible with the United States, was sought precisely to prevent such contagion of " the monstrous and abominable principles of pretended French liberty " and, mentioning his idea of the hereditary Inca, noted Pitt's approval.

There was agreement in the United States that any spread to the New World of the prevailing French system would be injurious in the extreme to her interests, and it seemed for a space as if the United States too was heading for war with France. Yet once again England was constrained to caution and delay, fearing now invasion from France, and would neither do anything nor permit Miranda a second time to take his plans elsewhere. A grant of £300, later increased to £700, a year did little to mollify his indignation, and he bitterly lamented the death of Catherine of Russia, who would never, he was convinced, have denied him the ships and men he needed. It was about this time that a young *émigré* from Chile found Miranda engaged in teaching some young compatriots " how to enjoy the sweet fruits of the tree of liberty " and became his chief disciple. His name was Bernardo O'Higgins, son of an Irishman who, entering the Spanish service, had ended his career as Viceroy of Peru, and destined himself to become first dictator of an independent Chile.

By 1800 Miranda was protesting vigorously his right to leave a country where, he declared, he had no further business. He was satisfied that the French Revolution had now returned to its original principles, in England he saw only perfidy and bad faith, and he addressed himself to Napoleon, now First Consul, writing as a French citizen as well as one of the oldest soldiers of the Republic. Granted his passport at length, he went to Paris, only to be imprisoned on arrival, accused of espionage and of corresponding with enemies of the State, and given four days to leave the country. Chastened but unbowed, he retraced his steps and sought once again to move Pitt to action with reports that many of the Spanish-American colonies were upon the point of " an almost general insurrection." Pitt's troubles this time lay nearer home, and over the issue of Catholic emancipation in Ireland he was forced to resign office.

The new Addington Ministry proved more sympathetic. Vansittart, joint Secretary of the Treasury, informed Miranda that " the intention was to execute the thing completely and in a large way, as should have been done three years earlier," and Miranda got down to planning details of the expedition, even to uniform—infantry jacket red,

waistcoat white, trousers blue—and to drafting a proclamation to " the people of the Colombian continent " which made much more explicit his notions concerning its political future. Those most relevant to his later fortunes were perhaps the proposals that Indians and freed Negroes should henceforth enjoy all the rights and privileges of free citizens, that religious toleration, as a principle of natural right, should be generally conceded, that a legislative " Colombian Council " should have sole power to make laws for what was now to be a federation of all the ex-colonies, and that in a national emergency the Council might designate for one year a single executive with dictatorial powers.

There followed, as new causes of postponement, first, events in Egypt, then, in October 1801, the truce in the conflict with France. Miranda's heart sank anew, to rise once more with the resumption of hostilities in May 1803, and sink yet again at the renewed apprehension in England of invasion. Vansittart informed him that the Government, for the time being at peace with Spain, could not in the meantime give any further encouragement to his designs. Miranda determined to leave for the New World with or without help, turned his gaze towards New York, and cut the red out of his colour scheme for the new uniform.

But with Addison's fall in May 1804 Pitt was back into power, before the year was out England was again at war with Spain, and the capture of a treasure fleet from the Indies turned the Government's thoughts once more in that direction. Miranda urged and negotiated for eight months longer, discussing plan after plan ; but delay still followed delay, and faith and patience alike were finally exhausted. In September 1805, learning of strained relations between Spain and the United States, he cut the Gordian knot, sailed for New York, visited President Jefferson, Secretary Madison and the tomb of Washington, elicited from Madison the enigmatic statement that citizens of the United States were free to do whatever the laws did not absolutely forbid, and set about organizing his own expedition.

Chartering a small vessel of 187 tons, he succeeded in inducing some 200 men to sign on under divers pretexts, took on board a quantity of small arms, and on February 2, 1806, set sail to redeem a continent from tyranny. Not until they were some days out did he himself appear on deck, wearing a red dressing-gown and slippers, and reveal the true nature of the enterprise, which he presented as having the countenance of both the British and the United States' Governments and as certain to be acclaimed by a rising of the peoples of Latin America *en masse*. He ended by advising his motley band to study mathematics and Spanish. There was a month's delay at Santo Domingo, but on April 11 he at last stood off the Venezuelan coast, at Puerto Cabello. Things there did not turn out quite as

expected. The landing was foiled ; two smaller craft engaged at Santo Domingo were intercepted, with the loss of sixty of his scanty force. A thousand citizens of Caracas contributed funds for the defence, and the Cabildo or city council formally branded him a conspirator and a traitor. Miranda withdrew to Trinidad, succeeded in attracting some further recruits, and set course again for the mainland. Landing this time at Coro, he was at first gratified, then infinitely chagrined, to find himself in possession of a deserted town, with no source of supplies and never a sign of the expected flocking to his banner. After ten days on shore he admitted the depths of his disillusion and sailed to the island of Grenada, there to be pursued at law for the hire of the vessel and to find himself, in addition to a failure, a bankrupt.

Meanwhile, in far-away Buenos Aires, the same year 1806 had witnessed a curious pendant to his adventure. A British naval commander, Sir Home Popham, who had been among Miranda's enthusiasts in London, had just taken part in the recovery of the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch. Flushed with success and with the knowledge that Trafalgar had spelt the eclipse of French and Spanish naval power, and without the cognizance either of London or of Miranda, he now sailed for the River Plate, found Buenos Aires almost defenceless, and made himself its master. "I like the South Americans prodigiously," he wrote buoyantly to Miranda, adding, " I am so occupied that I scarce know what to do first." The British Government, recalling him to be court-martialled for dereliction of duty, soon settled this for him, and although it tardily sent out a land force to seek to turn his initiative to account, the citizenry of Buenos Aires had by then decided that they did not reciprocate the Englishman's sentiments and brought the enterprise to nought. They were led—additional humiliation—by a French officer commissioned by Napoleon.

By December 1807 Miranda was back in London, unshakable as ever in his ideal and fertile as ever in expedients. Pitt was dead, but with Canning as Secretary for Foreign Affairs the general disposition of the Cabinet seemed once more set fair when, in March 1808, there happened in Spain what Miranda at once hailed as "this grand and providential opportunity," the occupation of Madrid by French troops and the double coup by which Napoleon lured both Charles IV and his son Ferdinand on to French soil, secured from both a renunciation of the Spanish crown, and placed this on the head of his brother Joseph. An army of 8,000 men under Wellesley was ordered to the Spanish coast, to proceed thence, should the omens prove unfavourable, to South America. At long, long last Miranda had the cup at his lip. It was dashed rudely from him by the famous uprising of the Madrid populace on May 2 and the appeal to Britain for help.

Wellesley landed in Spain, the Peninsular War, the first stage to Napoleon's undoing, had begun, and in his address to Parliament George III declared that, the Spanish nation having become overnight England's natural friend and ally, he had no other object than that of " preserving unimpaired the integrity and independence of the Spanish monarchy." The emancipation of Latin America was not merely to go by the board—Great Britain had solemnly committed herself to preventing it.

Suspecting at last that, in seeking to supply the driving force of liberation from without, he had all along been setting about things the wrong way round, Miranda wrote to Caracas urging the Cabildo, in view of events in Spain, to assume authority in the province. London, he said, was " swarming with Saracens and enemies of our independence . . . You can scarcely form an idea of the vacillation and disgusting state of this country." The British Government, intercepting his letters, now threatened him with deportation where previously they had detained him against his will, but this time he preferred to stay and await developments, meanwhile launching a journal, *El Colombiano*, to keep the " Colombian continent " informed of its true interests. Eventually the great news came. On April 19, 1810, the Cabildo of Caracas had deposed the Captain-General of Venezuela and assumed his powers. In doing this, it is true, it had protested its continuing fidelity to Ferdinand VII, but the revolution had begun nevertheless. Buenos Aires took the same course in May, Bogotá in July. In September the Captain-General of Chile was deposed and a rising took place in Mexico.

Reverses that had befallen British arms in Spain enabled England now to walk a diplomatic tight-rope. She would afford every assistance to the Provinces in America " which may render them independent of French Spain." She had no intention of taking up arms against them in fulfilment of her declared policy of 1808 towards a Spanish Spain; but this policy ruled out any question of recognition. Bolívar came to London to state the Venezuelan case, and Miranda followed him back, satisfied that his task in England was done and that the future now lay across the Atlantic. In December 1810, mounted on a white charger, he entered in triumph the Caracas he had left forty years earlier. All, it seemed, was over bar the shouting.

And so in fact it might have proved, in spite of the political debate that was only just beginning, in spite of a Spanish blockade, in spite of a hostile aristocratic party who rejected any idea of equality with Negroes and Indians, in spite of the declaration from the Cortes of Cadiz declaring all Spain's dominions one nation and all her citizens entitled to identical rights, had it not been for an earthquake of exceptional violence which, in March 1812, caused 10,000 deaths in Caracas alone and devastated many other towns. Had the blow

not fallen on Holy Thursday, it might still have been accepted as an act of nature. But it was on Holy Thursday two years earlier that Spain's authority had been overthrown, and to a superstitious people the coincidence proclaimed it an act of God.

All the forces of religion, of reaction and of ignorance were mobilized forthwith against the young Republic, and Miranda suddenly found himself, not merely at the head of the army, but invested with that same dictatorial power he had once argued for in time of crisis. The crisis was genuine. Royalist armies appeared from nowhere, patriot garrisons melted away or changed sides, Puerto Cabello, a key position he had entrusted to Bolívar, was lost, and the loss told on Miranda's spirit as much as it enfeebled his cause. All his military skill appeared to have deserted him. In the end, when only Caracas and its port La Guaira were still loyal, he capitulated, prepared yet once again to follow his destiny of perpetually withdrawing to try anew. Transferring his papers and effects on board an English brig at La Guaira, he decided to spend a last night on his native soil. Before dawn came—it was July 31, 1812—he was seized by some of his own officers, led by Bolívar, and handed over to the royalists. Bolívar's reward was the passport which instead enabled him to escape to the West Indies and, returning a year later, to resume the struggle and carry it eventually to victory. He had seized Miranda, he said, not to serve the king but to punish a traitor to his country. It is one of the tragic misunderstandings of history.

Sic transit gloria mundi. Miranda was carried to Spain in chains, as once Columbus, and there confined in a fortress in Cadiz harbour, in flagrant violation of the terms of his capitulation. His petition to the Cortes for justice was still under consideration when in March 1814, with the expulsion of the last French troops from Spain, Ferdinand was restored to the throne and straight away threw the Cortes leaders themselves into prison and tore up their liberal constitution. The vicissitudes of political change had made Miranda their victim to the last. For two and a half years he languished in gaol, ever planning to escape to London and start all over again, and in gaol, on March 25, 1816, he died. Time, and the publication of his journals, have since done him full justice. "The great precursor," born in Caracas, Venezuela, on March 28, 1750, single-minded, high-souled, impetuous, was a Don Quixote of the spirit whom not all the reverses of fortune could cause to swerve from the course he had set himself. He is one of the New World's very great men.

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A VISIT TO SAO TOMÉ

By David Snow

IN that vast corner of the Atlantic which digs into the western side of Africa, a chain of volcanic islands stretches out over seven hundred miles into the sea, with Fernando Po tucked into the corner and Annobon lying at the outer extremity of the chain. These two islands are Spanish, and were not included in our proposed expedition. We chose the two middle ones, the Portuguese colonies of Sao Tomé and Principe, for few naturalists had visited these islands in the twentieth century, and nineteenth century collectors did not usually bring back the sort of information that ornithologists want to know to-day. Most of the birds inhabiting Sao Tomé and Principe are found nowhere else. Their skins were known, but hardly anything else about them. And if the birds of a place are unfamiliar, it is a fair guess that the other animals will be equally so. One of the pleasing things about natural history is that one can always justify one's inclination to explore, and here obviously was the ideal place for a zoological expedition.

Five of us went off, after delays of the usual sort. After the cool Canaries came days of scorching sun, as we rounded the bulge of Africa, skirting the low forested shores of Senegal, Sierra Leone and Liberia. We were travelling third class " supplementary ", a sort of emigrant class, for the sake of cheapness, and were quartered in a converted hold with a large number of Portuguese labourers. This did not bother us, as all day, from early morning until dusk, we were up in the bows, in the eyes of the ship, on the look-out for whales, dolphins and sea birds. This was no idle pastime, and we were cooked by the sun to a deep, and in my case painful, red. Under the guidance of Martin Routh, who had had considerable experience with whales before, our notes piled up, and in fact we were extremely fortunate to see at close quarters large whales and dolphins of several sorts, in numbers which would have been good for a much longer voyage.

From Liberia the life of the sea is little known ; British passenger ships do not go down that way, and Portuguese ships do not usually carry naturalists. As we rather expected, dolphins and birds disappeared except for occasional stragglers. We traversed a glassy grey tract and ran into black lines of rain squalls. But one morning we came up on deck to find the ship edging towards a small port of

low white buildings, Sao Tomé. Behind it a dark green wall of tree-covered hillside disappeared into clouds at a height which we judged to be three thousand feet. The sun came out and the island presented all the usual beauty of land seen from the sea, with the added fascination of tropical luxuriance and all its associations. The ship had now anchored, but nothing was yet happening. Only a few officials, including the police, had come aboard. We were leaning on the guard-rail, with the expectation of a pleasant day before us, when the blow fell.

I was summoned to the purser's office, and told that we were not allowed to land. We had not got, we were told, some special permits. I explained that according to all my information in London and in Lisbon we had all the documents that were needed ; but argument was no good. We need not worry, we were told. We could go on to Luanda, the next port of call. Inevitably we did so, but with our former good will somewhat shaken and with our eyes opened. What to us seemed a gross infringement of personal liberty and an extraordinary way to treat foreigners, was to them of common enough occurrence.

Luckily there was a consul at Angola, to whom we cabled our plight from Sao Tomé. This part of the story may properly be omitted, since it took us away from the islands, our objective, to the sandy and somewhat inhospitable shores of Angola. There, through the good offices of the consul, who informed the embassy at Lisbon about us, we eventually obtained permission to go back to Sao Tomé. We went, as soon as there was a suitable ship, but I never found out the truth about our deportation from Sao Tomé on our first arrival.

It does not seem worth while dwelling on the rather ill-concealed distaste with which the Governor greeted us, because we had, at all events, arrived, and the kindness of Mr. Johnson, the only British subject, and the Portuguese planters, made up for all the inconveniences.

We soon realized, however, that the official attitude to us was not cordial. The reason was not difficult to find ; the Portuguese view our colonial policy with scepticism, and also distrust, since it is quite incompatible with theirs. They have difficulty in understanding why five people should, for their own amusement, want to visit one of their colonies without some ulterior motive, especially as there are much finer birds and insects in Africa. When we wanted to move from one part of the island to another, we had to inform the police. We also had to tell them exactly what we were going to do in each place. It soon became clear to us that Portugal is a police State, and that control of personal activities is applied to foreigners even more rigorously that it is to the Portuguese themselves. The fear of Communism lies at the root of their repressive measures.

We went up to one of the mountain plantations, Zampalma, which is over three thousand feet high in the great mountain mass in the centre of the island. Until a few years ago the ascent had to be made on mules, but there are now roads good enough to take a jeep or a powerful car. Senhores Brandao and Moreira, both influential and rich men in Sao Tomé, who had offered us help and hospitality, put at our disposal one a jeep for our baggage and the other a Chevrolet to take us to Zampalma, the most hair-raising journey of fifteen miles that I ever hope to make. We had an African driver, who knew how to manage the car after his own fashion, as we could see when we watched him grappling with the steering-wheel and saving us, by inches, from plunging down almost vertical tangled hill-sides. The road, an ingenious piece of engineering, wound up incredibly steep-sided valleys, and above fifteen hundred feet, became a country lane, that had not been improved by a heavy night's rain. There were frequent hairpin bends, and the surface was sticky and slippery, in places moss-grown. Our driver did not seem to believe in using bottom gear, while his policy with corners was to go at them fast in order to be sure of getting round them with some impetus left. We sat silently, trying not to betray uneasiness. The morning was clear and sunny, and magnificent views of grotesque mountains seen across bottomless valleys were nearly wasted on us, views which we never saw again as this particular day was the finest we were to have. Zampalma was almost always enveloped in cloud, except in the early mornings and evenings.

We did not know what to expect at Zampalma, and what we found was very pleasing—a large three-storeyed house of wood, painted black and white, standing on a slight prominence, and looking down a steep-sided valley that gradually opened out towards the sea in a blue haze in the distance. We appeared to be in the middle of the virgin forest, but of all the miles of this that we could see, only that on the high mountain tops and the steeper mountain sides was true forest. The rest was plantation, mainly coffee, closely planted with shade trees that formed a thick canopy overhead. In steps up the hill behind the house went a series of compounds which were surrounded by the stores, labourers' quarters, blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops.

After Sr. Brandao's son, who had driven the jeep, had shown us over the house, which we were to consider as our own, and introduced us to our host, the young manager of the plantation, we sat on the verandah with our whiskies and sodas to enjoy the view. Before many minutes I had seen two or three new birds, all of them entirely confined to Sao Tomé, and which, we knew, had probably not been seen by any other living ornithologists.

Our welcome here was typical of what we found on all the plantations that we visited on both Sao Tomé and Principe. Our host

spoke nothing but Portuguese, and we spoke only English and some French. Conversation was limited, but we soon found that he was quite an expert at gesture language and put us to shame. He got comparatively complex ideas across to us in a flourish of gesticulations with a Portuguese commentary, while our most elementary communications often failed to get through. After three months of conversations of this sort, our enthusiasm often began to flag, for our Portuguese progressed slowly, but patience and good humour were abundant.

A few days after our arrival we planned to go to the highest point on the island, and our host, who had Sunday free, offered to accompany us. He himself did not know the way up the Pico de Sao Tomé ; climbing for pleasure is not a Portuguese habit, and there is no material reason, except perhaps the wild pigeons on the top, for going. But a neighbouring planter, through whose plantation we should have to pass, and who knew the way, agreed to go up with us as guide. Saturday evening was misty and rainy, but we decided that we would go whatever the weather, and that we should start at 4 a.m. As the height of the Pico is about 6,600 feet, and we were starting from 3,000 feet, it may be thought that its ascent would be an easy matter, and certainly the climb presents no serious difficulty. But it is very steep, and so luxuriant and rarely climbed that the occasional pathways that are cut are soon blocked by new growth. The effort involved is therefore out of all proportion to the actual height, and this accounts for our early start.

By the time we were ready to start the drizzle had cleared, and after a few minutes we were walking in bright moonlight. It was wet under foot and all the leaves were glistening. It was quite still ; Sao Tomé is a windless place, due perhaps to its position on the equator, and this calm clear night was typical. Half an hour's walking brought us to the plantation where we were to pick up our guide. Arriving at his house we called up at his window. His head appeared and a long conversation ensued. Though the details of it were lost to us, we soon gathered that he was not coming. A dark veiled face peeping out from the next window hinted to us why. But perhaps, as he said, he really had some important business on Sunday.

We did our best to indicate that we still wanted to go. Luckily one of the porters appeared to have some knowledge of the way, and he was given long instructions. So eventually we were glad to be moving again as we had got quite cold, standing about in the cool damp atmosphere. As well as the five of us and our Portuguese host, there were four porters. One, the guide, went ahead ; another carried a hamper on his head, another a demijohn of inviting appearance, and the last an old gun, hopelessly rusted but perhaps capable of

shooting a sluggish pigeon. We ourselves carried collecting equipment, including a light shot-gun for birds.

After a good hour's walking, up paths that were still recognizable, we reached a steep saddle between two minor peaks. This was the limit of the beaten track ; thick vegetation confronted us, but it was now light. With the dawn, bird notes had begun to be heard, especially the liquid fluting of the Sao Tomé oriole. Now we began to see more signs of life. A continuous stream of bats was coming up over the saddle, the way we had come, and pouring down into the forest on our left. All seemed to be following the same invisible course and disappearing into the same gap in the trees, doubtless to a communal roosting place.

Here also we saw several of the interesting endemic birds of the island. Chief among these was an aberrant weaver-bird, named tautologically *Thomasophantes sancti-thomae*. A casual remark seen in a paper on the birds of S. Tomé had led me to suspect that this bird had, so to speak, become the island's woodpecker, and in fact we found that this was so. In the high plantations and the mountain forests it was always to be seen, climbing about on the tree-trunks, searching the bark for insect food. The weavers are normally seed-eaters and have stout conical beaks, but *Thomasophantes* has a rather long slender beak. The S. Tomé giant sun-bird, which I did not actually see on this day, must be mentioned in this connection. The sun-birds are mainly nectar-feeders, and have long thin curved beaks with which they can probe into flowers. The other great group of birds with beaks of this type probe in bark for their food—the tree-creeper is an example. The S. Tomé giant sun-bird is very little known. As far as I know only one other living ornithologist, a Portuguese , has seen it alive. It is the largest of all the sun-birds and has a stout scimitar-shaped beak. On the only occasion when I watched one feeding it was moving along the branches of a tree, probing about with its beak in the bark. Here then, in an island which lacks all the usual tree-trunk feeders, from the seed-eating weavers and the nectar-feeding sun-birds two aberrant forms have evolved to take their places, and they have acquired beaks specially adapted to this mode of life, resembling those of the typical trunk-feeders in other parts of the world.

Though the sky was clear for the most part, as the hour was early, already a mass of cloud had formed over the Pico away on our left. Our guide halted rather dubiously at the petering out of the path. We could see the great mass of the Pico as a continuation of the ridge on which we were standing. The ridge curved, so that we had a deep basin between us and the Pico. We could, theoretically, either go along the ridge, without losing height, or plunge down into the valley, or take the middle way by moving round the sloping side of the basin.

After much discussion we chose the last course, because it appeared probable that this was where our path should be. In fact we did find a sort of path, which we held, on and off, until the summit itself. But it was so overgrown that almost every yard had to be cleared, and our guide's machete came in for a lot of use. We all had staves, which were quite essential, as it was impossible to walk upright unaided over the slippery leaves, rotting logs, and mossy mud, the whole at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Our porters picked their way bare-footed, and used their staves much less and, in addition, they were all more or less heavily burdened. The two with our food and wine carried their loads on their heads, supporting them with the free arm, a skilful feat of balancing. The sky was not often visible, but we became aware before long that rain had started ; this continued with varying intensity until we arrived home in the evening.

Our guide knew the way better than we had thought, because at about ten in the morning, after an eternity of up-hill plodding, slipping back one foot for every two feet forwards, we came to a small opening, in which a vertical bar was set in a stone base, a survey point. This was, we were told, the Pico. It was something of an anti-climax. Instead of a magnificent prospect of mountain and sea, for which we had hoped, we looked, through thick foliage, at a blank wall of cloud. Visibility was about ten yards. But we were supposed to be zoologists, after all, and had not come up to admire the view, so we set to work to make a collection of the fauna of this curious peak, the product of an age-old volcanic upheaval, whose animals and plants are now perhaps more interesting and peculiar than those of any other Atlantic island. I cannot pretend that we found any very extraordinary or brilliant creatures. We came down with tubes and bottles containing dull-looking beetles, wood-lice, centipedes, spiders and earth-worms, and, in our now empty hamper, instead of cold chicken and rolls, a few birds.

I cannot say much about the insects and other small animals, whose identification is a matter for specialists and has not yet been made. The birds we found were rather scarce compared with those on the lower slopes, and the only new one was a large maroon-coloured pigeon. It was reported to be very rare indeed, in fact perhaps the rarest, as it is the largest, of the African pigeons. But on the Pico it was abundant, and we obtained three specimens for the Natural History Museum. But it was another and less spectacular bird that was the most interesting, a little warbler that may be called the Sao Tomé long-tail. We had seen it near the coast, in the streets of the small port, in all the plantations, and now we found it all the way up through the hill-forests to the very summit. Its mainland relatives, of which there are many, keep to open country and hardly ever even perch on vegetation more than a few feet off the ground. The original

colonizer of S. Tomé, one may imagine, found nothing but forest, but was able to adapt itself to life in forests, and, finding no competitors, was so successful that it became, as it is now, the most abundant bird in the island.

But there was one object still unachieved. We had been specially asked to bring back some caecilians, curious mud-loving, limbless amphibians intermediate in appearance between snakes and worms. They are always considered rare animals, but one or two specimens, of a peculiar species, had been brought back once before from S. Tomé. In these specimens evidence had been found of an unusual deciduous dentition, which it was thought might be used by the young *in utero* for rasping away the maternal tissue—a unique method of nutrition, if it should prove true.

When, shortly after beginning the descent, we came upon the first of these animals lying squirming in the path, we hailed it an extraordinary piece of good fortune, since they normally live in burrows underground ; and we wrapped it in a handkerchief as we had no more containers left. However, after a few minutes we found another and then another, until before long all our handkerchiefs contained two or three each. Apparently the persistent rain had brought them out to look for food. It soon became obvious that considering how rare they are said to be elsewhere in the tropics, Sao Tomé must be one of their great strongholds. Eventually when we left the islands we had thirty caecilians alive in a box with a lot of damp earth and a large supply of earthworms to eat. They survived the journey, and are now being studied in Oxford.

The descent was quick, although punctuated by halts while we collected caecilian, spider, or whatever it might be. Collecting was hard work. The forests were lifeless and silent, except for the rain. We were unlucky in having just missed the end of the dry season, when alone these forests have occasional days of sun and cloudless sky, but we had been to the top of the Pico de Sao Tomé, which, though not at all formidable, has I believe been climbed by only two other Englishmen, and we had seen something of the life of a most interesting oceanic island, which has yet to receive from naturalists the attention it deserves.

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PROFESSOR NAMIER AND THE PRELUDE TO WAR

By Max Beloff

IT was an American general who announced that the only recipe for victory was "to get there fastest with the mostest." This recipe has long been known to those who combine the trades of historian and publicist. International opinion on the origins of the 1914-1918 war was early coloured by the fact that it was the German diplomatic documents that were first published and that German and Germanophile historians were available to make the most of the opportunities provided. We are now witnessing the beginning in this country of something like an attempt to pre-empt the field where the origins of the 1939-1945 war are concerned not in favour of one particular country, but rather of one particular school of historical interpretation. And the attempt comes from a formidable quarter.

Professor L. B. Namier has not been content to rest upon the well-deserved laurels of his much-acclaimed *Diplomatic Prelude*. As new sources have appeared so has his tireless industry been stimulated. And readers of the *Literary Supplement* of *The Times* and other periodicals have had a chance to follow through his comments the successive volumes of memoirs and documents that are going to build up our picture of the diplomatic history of the last years of the peace and the early years of the war. It is of these pieces that the new volume is composed.* This shows Professor Namier's talents in all their strength—an unsurpassed mastery of the techniques of comparing and interpreting documents and an unrivalled linguistic ability. The new work deals with sources in six languages—and had the Russians published any documents there would have been a seventh to add. He has again been able to profit by his wide acquaintance with the great and the near-great in adding pieces of information not to be found in print. The shelves of the Chatham House library and the lunch-tables of the Athenæum have all brought grist to his mill.

If Professor Namier's talents make it difficult for anyone to assume he would get a hearing if he were to trespass over the same ground, it is also not without interest to note that the only other historian who appears to be making the same systematic study of the new source-materials on the same kind of scale, is Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, the most

* *Europe in Decay* : A Study in Disintegration 1936-1940, by L. B. Namier. *Macmillan*. 16*s*.

able and devoted of Professor Namier's historical disciples. So that here at least, the *New Statesman* and *Manchester Guardian* can be relied upon to echo the voice of *The Times*. It is curious indeed to see how close in spirit are the Tory and the Socialist, united in their common distaste for the Wilsonian liberalism which inspired both the achievements and the errors of the inter-war years. It is not unfair to add in conclusion that something of a monopoly in the field is almost taken for granted by Professor Namier himself. Of other historians of the period in the English-speaking world, the only notice taken is a passing reference to Mr. John Wheeler-Bennett and another to Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper. For the rest, Professor Namier is content to remain in solitary communion with the sources—a procedure for which he could claim the approval of no less an authority than Bishop Stubbs himself.

Only those who have some acquaintance, however fleeting, with the mass of documentation involved can appreciate the sustained effort involved in such studies. And in order to be free to pursue them Professor Namier has delayed the completion of important and eagerly awaited works in fields of which he is an acknowledged master —the early part of the reign of George III and the Revolutions of 1848. Since academic reputation is lost rather than gained by ventures into the contemporary world, and since the study of it has few of the adventitious charms of almost any period of the past, one can guess that Professor Namier has had other reasons than academic ones for his choice. Nor are they hard to find. In *Europe in Decay*, as in *Diplomatic Prelude*, the writer's own passion keeps breaking through the dry crust of documentary analysis.

He is not simply concerned with unravelling the diplomatic steps which marked the retreat of the western powers before the two dictators from the Rhineland occupation to the fall of France, or those which were traced by Germany and the Soviet Union in the tangled story of their relations up to the fatal onslaught by the Germans of June 1941, but with driving home the responsibilities incurred both by the supine peoples of the west, and by their individual representatives. The manner of handling the sources one by one tends inevitably to emphasize the rôle of the latter.

The core of the new volume is composed of essays called forth by the apologias of Flandin, Reynaud, Bonnet and Baudouin, by Ciano's early diary, and by the first volume of the 1938-1939 series of *British Diplomatic Documents*, and the two volumes of German documents published by the Russians. These permit Professor Namier to re-introduce, among his *dramatis personae*, Sir Nevile Henderson and Mr. Neville Chamberlain. It is indeed as the Fouquier-Tinville of recent historiography that Professor Namier clearly sees himself—a prosecutor grimly determined that no derelic-

tion on his part shall save a single head from the guillotine's basket.

It is above all the identification of his writings with the cause of justice itself that explains certain characteristic features of Professor Namier's new book. In the first place, the victims may not be heard in their own defence. One would not gather that Professor Namier's handling of M. Bonnet's book provoked a reply from the author when it first appeared ; and the fact that Professor Namier got what was on the whole the better of the exchange hardly seems to justify his silence as to its having taken place. In the second place, Professor Namier must never himself confess error. Sometimes, of course, a historian of the contemporary world is almost bound to be caught out by a new revelation from the sources. In *Diplomatic Prelude* he dismissed as a German " concoction " an incident during Hitler's interview with Ciano on August 12, 1939, when Ciano was told that a telegram had been received from Moscow stating that the Russians were ready for political talks with the Germans, on the grounds that " the Russians did not agree to receive a political negotiator till August 21." The subsequent publication of the German documents proved him incorrect. In an account of these negotiations in the present volume (which adds nothing to other secondary accounts already in print) Professor Namier perforce accepts August 12 as the relevant date. But he gives no hint to the unwary reader that this involves an important correction to his story in *Diplomatic Prelude*. One may add that in dealing with Baudouin's book, he talks of Laval's dismissal on December 13, 1940, as " perhaps the most mysterious transaction at Vichy." He does not indicate the plentiful light thrown upon it by H. du Moulin de Labarthéte's *Le Temps des Illusions*, the most revealing as well as the most fascinating of all books on " Vichy ".

If this is one way of handling a point of this kind, another is to dig in one's heels and take the consequences. Thus with regard to Marshal Stalin's speech of March 10, 1939, which was clearly of cardinal importance, and given the rare occasion of a Party Congress, Professor Namier remarks that " it requires more zeal than sense, or else a purpose, to discover in it a distinct approach to Germany." He is apparently still arguing the point on the same lines as in *Diplomatic Prelude*, when he dismissed as obvious flattery Ribbentrop's remarks on the effect of the speech made during his visit to Moscow in August that year ; and he neglects other independent evidence that has since been advanced, as well as the most obvious implications of Marshal Stalin's statements in themselves.

Whatever may ultimately emerge on this point, the fact that the *détente* between the Soviet Union and Germany was prepared over a long period can scarcely any longer be denied. In his conversation with Ciano on May 6, 1939, Ribbentrop is noted as insisting " on the

necessity of continuing and increasing the *détente* which has arisen between the Axis and the Soviet Union." In a draft despatch prepared for German missions abroad on August 22, 1939, and printed in the German edition of *Nazi-Soviet Relations* (which presumably came out too late for Professor Namier to use) we find further confirmation of this view. " The normalizing and improvement of relations between Germany and the Soviet Union," wrote Weizsâcker, "has for months been slowly and steadily developed." He pointed out how for months past the German press had assisted by its moderate tone, and called attention to the outward signs of the rapprochement in the presence of Soviet representatives at the exhibition of German art at Munich (on July 16) and of a full German delegation at the agricultural exhibition in Moscow (on August 1). Even while he wrote, there were Russian representatives at the " Eastern Fair " at Konigsberg which had opened on the previous day.

More important still, are the assumptions that lie behind Professor Namier's treatment of the whole period both in this work and in *Diplomatic Prelude*. Some are debatable but legitimate, and have even higher authority than his own. Such for instance is the statement that the military position of the western powers at the time of Munich was more difficult than at the time of the Rhineland coup, but " not nearly as bad as in September 1939." Much more questionable is the assumption that the Soviet Union was prepared to intervene against Hitler at the time of Munich and even later had the western powers shown more adroitness in handling her. It is true that some documents published for the first time here, in an appendix, include a letter to Professor Namier from Dr. Benes himself, stating that it was Poland's hostile attitude that provided him with the last and decisive reason for the fact that, in spite of the insistence of Moscow, he " did not provoke war with Germany in 1938." But that Moscow was pressing the Czechs to resist, does not necessarily provide a conclusive argument as to what Soviet policy would have been had they done so. As a close associate of Dr. Benes, Edward Taborsky has pointed out that the " Russian promise to fulfil all legal obligations must certainly be put down as quite correct behaviour ; but for practical purposes the Soviet assurance was worthless. For the Russians knew that the French would not honour their obligation, and Benes knew it also. In fact, the Russians knew it before the Czechoslovak Government did." It is curious too that Professor Namier should fail to call attention to the revealing memoirs of the Rumanian foreign minister Comnène, whose country played an important rôle in the strategic calculations of the period—memoirs which amply confirm the view that there was no danger of the Russians being called upon to make good their words. Since

Professor Namier's book went to press this view has been further documented by the material printed in the volumes of the British and German *Documents* for the period. The conversation between Mr. R. A. Butler and Earl de la Warr on the one hand, and M. Litvinov and M.Maisky on the other, which took place at Geneva on September 23 showed the Russians still unwilling to make at all precise the nature of the help they would give should the French honour their pact. Even more revealing are Schulenburg's despatches from Moscow, which show the Russians cautious in the formulation of their support for the Czechs—a fact which, together with the distant attitude of the Soviet press towards the controversy gave the Germans ample reason for their conviction that they could press on with their demands without having anything serious to fear from that side. Both volumes substantiate M. Comnène's statement that no agreement for the passage of Russian troops through Rumania was ever come to. As M.Taborsky remarks : " The Russian attitude at the time of Munich actually was by no means as straightforward and courageous as the world was led to believe by clever Soviet propaganda and the reluctance, of those who knew the full facts, to speak in a derogatory way about the U.S.S.R."

But the way in which one handles the events of 1938 or the twin set of negotiations carried on by the Russians in 1939, and the conclusions to which one comes, must necessarily depend to some extent not merely on one's interpretation of specific documents, but also upon one's general view of the entire inter-war period. Since the bulk of this book deals with events that took place in or after 1936, an assessment of Professor Namier's general position can only be arrived at with some effort. Occasionally, however, there is a revealing flash, as when Professor Namier, who has little tenderness for M. Flandin, declares him to be " undoubtedly right in thinking that co-operation with the U.S.S.R. would have been sounder policy " for France than her links with Poland and the Little Entente. From this one must take it that " co-operation with the U.S.S.R." was an open alternative which the Western powers through blindness or prejudice refused to take. But is this really the case ? Is not Professor Namier still writing his history of the inter-war period from the point of view of those (for him) hopeful wartime years when Great Britain and Russia were partners against the Nazi aggressor and when Professor Namier himself was one of a celebrated triumvirate on *The Times* who were popularizing the Anglo-Soviet alliance and its apparent implications as the basis for Britain's future foreign policy? Since then, we have learned something of the difficulties which lie in the way of co-operation between the western democracies and the Soviet world and a historian of the earlier period can hardly avoid taking this into account, and asking whether some at least of

these difficulties were not present throughout.

In an introduction to his essays on the French memoirs, Professor Namier has this to say of their authors : " If only they got away from their own persons, or rather saw them in their true proportions and setting and turned to the historic tragedy of their nation, their own lives and failures would appear as what they are: as part of the tragedy." And his own brief analysis of the French tragedy lacks neither depth nor brilliance. But even the tragedy of France is only a part of the whole. And it is odd that a book which carries so challenging a title as *Europe in Decay* should nowhere attempt to analyse in what that decay consisted.

Yet there is no mystery about it. The previous centuries had built up a political structure for Europe which with all its faults prevented a general conflagration for almost a century, and a set of economic and social doctrines that had, even if at an uneven pace, vastly contributed to the health, wealth and happiness of mankind. The 1914-1918 war destroyed the former and decisively weakened the appeal of the latter. The Russian Revolution broke through the European social crust at its weakest point and the burning lava poured forth with much greater and wilder destructiveness than even the French Revolution itself.

The successful creation in Russia, of a régime that had emerged from the lower depths of society, that owed allegiance neither to the religious nor to the liberal tradition upon which all previous advance had been based, that repudiated humanitarianism in the name of humanity, and that presented an apparent alternative to the older régimes surviving elsewhere, created a dual challenge to the whole western world. On the one hand it was an ever present encouragement to those who sought to upset what remained of the old order and a distant symbol to which the rightful claims of the oppressed could be attached. On the other hand, its very success was the proof that violence was the key to political success, that propaganda was more efficacious than truth, that men, nations and classes could ignore moral restraints previously thought to be in some sense binding.

The fascist and national-socialist revolutions in their turn profited by the moral decay inaugurated by their predecessor. To some extent, this fact was disguised by the notion, zealously propagated by Marxists and near-Marxists, that Fascism and National-Socialism were right-wing reactionary movements at the opposite pole from Soviet Communism. The reality of course was very different. Both Fascism and National-Socialism despite their intake of recruits and dupes from the old ruling and possessing strata, were essentially new eruptions of violence from outside the organized hierarchy of their national societies. Having no social roots they could indulge as freely as the Russians in ideological permutations, and in uncontrolled

violence for the sake of their ends. If the Russians still claimed to be serving humanity as a whole, even if only in the distant future, the new ideologies could throw humanity overboard for ever for the sake of race, nation or party. The liquidation of the Jews as a race was one step on from the liquidation of the Kulaks as a class.

The limitless ambitions and ruthless methods of all three revolutionary movements made it impossible for the nations controlled by them to fit into any ordered pattern of international life, or for any structure to be erected on the basis of agreements made with them. With such movements there could be no genuine co-operation. In combating them the statesmen of France and Britain could have used William Pitt's words when he spoke of the wars with revolutionary France :

> We are not in arms against the opinions of the closet, nor the speculations of the school. We are at war with armed opinions which the sword of audacious, unprincipled, and impious innovation seeks to propagate amidst the ruins of empires, the demolition of altars, the destruction of every venerable and good and liberal institution, under whatever form of polity they have been raised.

But they were inhibited from opposing these movements by arms until it was almost too late by the fact that in the meantime aversion to war itself, as a means of policy, had become one of the accepted principles of the western world. And further, except at the earliest stage, it was hardly possible to contemplate opposing the progress of one such movement without assistance from another.

The real tragedy was not, as Professor Namier seems to imply, the fact that the ambitions of Hitler and Mussolini were grasped too late, but that the dilemma was, as in all real tragedies, ultimately insoluble. Good could not seemingly be done except in alliance with evil ; and the reluctance to envisage a policy which depended on full co-operation with the Bolsheviks looks far less unrealistic to-day than it did in 1943. The deep schisms in the body politic in France to-day show what was really precarious in her pre-war situation. Had Bonnet been more honest, Flandin more stable, and Reynaud firmer of purpose, the upshot could hardly have been very different.

It is arguable that what there was of universalism in the early stages of Bolshevism might have made it possible at some stage to recapture Russia for the comity of nations—that there were co-operative tendencies within the Soviet régime that were frustrated by the suspicions they met with in the west, We know too little to be certain. But if a genuine agreement with the Russians was ever within reach it was hardly so in the period with which Professor Namier deals. The statesmen who represented the western democracies were bound to take the view that the Wilsonian outlook of their own peoples was the normal one for the twentieth century. In every case—more determinedly admittedly in the case of Germany and

Italy than in that of Russia—they clung to the hope that the revolutionary régimes would learn moderation as they increased their distance from their own origins. These illusions were more creditable to their hearts than to their heads—but they were not dishonourable. For in fact, there was no alternative to Wilsonian liberalism once the old legitimist structure of Europe had collapsed beyond repair. One could say indeed that the real tragedy was that the old structure collapsed too soon for the new structure to be ready to take its place. Instead of order on any basis, there was disorder and the world was engulfed in ever widening whirlpools of tyranny and anarchy. The "new order" of the dictators was nothing but a systematization of both.

This does not mean that the statesmen of the inter-war years can be exonerated on all the counts that their eventual failures make inevitable. Indeed the list must be widened to include the Russian leaders too. For a régime that let the enemy come within striking distance of Moscow and the Volga and that saw so many millions of its citizens killed and so many square miles devastated can hardly claim either greater foresight or greater efficiency. It remains a question however as to who has the right to pronounce the verdict.

The academic historian may well leave it to Mr. Winston Churchill to condemn in his histories the policies he condemned when they were in the making. His own task must be to examine his own presuppositions and to weigh again the conclusions to which they lead. For as Professor Butterfield has reminded us : "Amongst historians as in other fields, the blindest of the blind are those who are unable to examine their own presuppositions, and blithely imagine therefore that they do no possess any." In no field is this *examen de conscience* more vitally necessary than in contemporary history. In no other field is it so necessary for the historian to be conscious both of his own limitations and of the limitations of his sources, and so desirable that he should not attempt to anticipate the final judgment upon men and events.

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KIERKEGAARD

By J. B. Coates

THE recent discovery of Kierkegaard in this country is, in part, a consequence of the new interest in the existentialist philosophies. The publicity given to the sensationalism of Jean Paul Sartre has contributed to the recognition that he is only one link (and, I think, a feeble one) in a two-branched chain of existentialist thinkers ; for there is both a theistic and an atheistic branch, of which Kierkegaard and Nietzsche are the respective starting-points, with Kierkegaard by far the major influence. But there has been also a specifically Christian discovery of Kierkegaard. To-day Christianity is facing the greatest crisis of its history. It is not only that in those widespread areas of the world in which the new gospel of Marxism reigns Christianity is meeting persecution and the younger generation are being indoctrinated in an anti-Christian faith, but the main body of western philosophy and science is now no longer Christian. Dialectical materialism and logical positivism, the latter school being particularly influential in this country, hold the allegiance of what may well be a majority of university professors and lecturers, while, as we have seen, existentialism, though its vogue is largely continental, has an atheistic branch. Christian thought has reacted to this situation in two principal ways. On the one hand there has been a tightening of the grasp on traditional dogma, the school of ' liberal Christianity ' having fallen into increasing disfavour ; on the other hand, there has been an entirely different reaction whose chief inspirer has been Kierkegaard. This school holds that no mere devotion to traditional formularies can meet the need of the present situation ; rather may it be a hindrance to an effective response, seeing that it implies an attachment to a conceptual framework when what is wanted is a revival of the Christian life. On this view nothing short of the heroic, the tragic conception of Christianity and of the responsibilities of the Christian faith which is characteristic of Kierkegaard can approach the present need. To Kierkegaard Christianity meant the Cross, the acceptance of suffering, and a passionate endeavour to live in the presence of God, even though the divine presence was almost unendurable because of the infinite qualitative difference separating the human from the divine. To a follower of Kierkegaard a worth-while Christianity must be heroic in

essence, while what is important is not an insistence on the finer points of doctrine and ritual but the individual appropriation of the central Christian experience, regarded as a meeting of the human and the divine. The conceptions of ' existence ' and ' the individual ' are closely related in Kierkegaard. One only learns to exist by becoming an individual, and this means rejecting the habits of thought, the conceptual systems, which save the masses, the crowd (including the crowd of respectable conforming Christians) from the labours of thought and the risks of taking an independent stand in relation to God and to themselves. One becomes an individual by choosing to choose, by facing one's own inner and outer situation and achieving a faith which is a genuine response, made if necessary in defiance of the whole world, to that situation. To Kierkegaard what was of paramount importance in the life of any person was the way he related himself to himself and to God. Freud would comment (and Freudian concepts throw a remarkably revealing light on the case of Kierkegaard) that what was crucial in Kierkegaard's development was the way he related himself to his father, for Kierkegaard's God can be well interpreted in terms of an introjected father-image.

I believe that Kierkegaard's influence was entirely salutary in so far as he emphasized the importance of an individual or existential appropriation of truth and attacked the merely geographical Christianity of his time and country, a Christianity which was little more than a conformity with the '*mores*' of contemporary society, more especially of its comfortable and respectable elements. Too many people are still clinging to the idea that a Christianity can survive which is a merely complacent clinging to tradition, which involves no fundamental adjustment of doctrine or life, and which has no challenge to make, either to our social institutions or to long-standing habits of thought and belief. To Kierkegaard religion was an individual matter, involving a confronting of realities, a recognition of the anguish, the inner conflict which was a feature of the experience of every awakened person, and a quest for the life of the spirit, which was a possibility, to be realized only through responsible decisions and through inwardness. Nothing was more repulsive to him than the idea that truth could be handed out to the individual as a set of agreed propositions, as a body of results ; each individual must arrive at his own independent truth through blood and tears. Kierkegaard's dictum " subjectivity is truth " seems at first, indeed, to be a virtual solipsism; if subjectivity is truth, then there is no truth, but only an infinite number of opinions. Nevertheless what Kierkegaard is attempting to say is of great importance. The search for truth knows no end, but what is important in the individual's apprehension of truth is his own responsible activity. His grasp of truth will always be partial, but it must be his own

grasp, his own truth. However excellent an opinion may be, it is of no use to him if it is not his own opinion, arrived at through an independent act of thought. Also, his growth in understanding and wisdom depends on the nature of his relationships. He has to relate himself not only to the external situations in which he finds himself and to other people, but he has to relate himself to himself, to integrate himself, and to relate himself to God, to the mystery at the heart of his being. In doing so, he finds himself incessantly faced with new inner and outer situations demanding a response, demanding a decision. These responses, these decisions, in the Now, in the Moment, are what Kierkegaard meant by " existential truth ". Such decisions make no claim to ultimate, to objective validity, they are related to the Now, they are creative acts of a responsible person meeting the needs of every day. All personality, all progress in the life of the spirit, depends, nevertheless, upon this capacity, first of all, for relationship and, secondly, for the independent activity which is a response to relationship.

Brandt remarked, in my view justly, that the conception of the individual was " the pearl of great price which Kierkegaard offered to his time," and we cannot but be grateful for Kierkegaard's vigorous assertion of intellectual and spiritual independence, his attack (in which Nietzsche was equally engaged) on the moral and intellectual servility, not only of the masses, but of the main body of the so-called educated classes, showing, as they too often do, a tendency either to think in terms of their economic interest and social position or to attach themselves to some coterie and maintain a slavish adherence to its jargon. Nevertheless there is much in his thought that is far from admirable, and the new vogue of Kierkegaard is mixed with too much uncritical admiration. His mind was perverted by his neurosis which has still to receive an elaborate analysis by a psychologist of eminent qualifications. However, the effect on his teaching of his ' father-complex ' does not need any special subtlety of interpretation. His childhood was dominated by his father who subjected him to what Kierkegaard himself recognized to be an extreme religious pressure. Kierkegaard describes himself as " the poor wretch whom a melancholy old man made unhappy out of love." "A young child," says Kierkegaard, "is incapable of Christianity in the existential sense. To stuff a child with Christianity is a thing that cannot be done, for it holds good generally that everyone appropriates what he has a use for, and the child has no decisive use for Christianity. . . . No one begins by being a Christian, but becomes one in the fulness of time, if he does become such. A strict upbringing in Christianity is a very risky undertaking . . . to force it upon the child with all its solemn earnestness is commonly the way to make a very unhappy youth."

Kierkegaard's training implanted in him a harsh super-ego, which made it unthinkable for him to disobey his father or ever to fall below the most exacting standards in performing his school tasks, while Christianity to him meant self-denial and suffering. It was inevitable, however, that he should go through a later phase of rebellion against his father's tyrannical if loving influence. In his early manhood Kierkegaard came to hate his father and to hate the God who had tormented his childhood. It was to the life of the senses and the intellect that he now turned, feeling that he was breathing free air for the first time, dressing like a dandy, giving himself up to all the pleasures of the time, and running heavily into debt. The figures of Don Juan and of Faust appealed to him strongly. The first part of *Either-or* portrays a man guided solely by his senses and imagination ; the lure of Faust, in whom unrestricted freedom of the will was combined with unlimited power, shows his reaction against the destruction of his independent will by his father's discipline. A bitter attack on Christianity in his Journals indicates vividly his attitude at this stage :

> Almost always when the Christian employs himself about the world to come it is desolation, punishment, eternal torture and pain which he envisages ; and, exuberant and extravagant as his imagination is in this regard, just as meagre is it when it is a question of the blessedness of the believers or the elect . . . Very much more beneficent, it has always seemed to me, is the notion of seeing assembled together the great, distinguished, talented men of the whole world, such as have set their hand to the wheel of human progress. My enthusiasm has always been aroused by the thought of such a veritable high school of the human race, such a republic of science and learning. . . . The Christians, however, have been loath to grant these great men entrance into their society . . . so that the Christians might sit like a Chinese assembly of mandarins and rejoice that they had brought into completion their insurmountable wall against—the barbarians. . . . Why all this ? . . . to warn everyone whose breast is not yet tight-laced in a spiritual corset of this sort to protect him from such narrow-breasted conceptions.

But the influence of his father was too deeply rooted for rebellion to be more than temporary. Kierkegaard capitulated, strangely enough, after his father's death ; he announced his rejection of speculation for Christianity, and his rejection of the free life of the intellect and the tradition of humanism, for the life of faith. The ambivalence of Kierkegaard's feelings for his father, the alternation in him of love and hate, of rebellion and submission, an ambivalence which determines the mood and intellectual pattern of his numerous works, is a phenomenon familiar to psychologists. But it is a condition which shows that the father complex in him was never resolved. A man who has achieved a right relation with his father is neither meek nor defiant to him, but engages in dialogue with him, receiving and giving influence freely without fear. If Kierkegaard had achieved such a relation, his whole life and thought would have

been different ; he would have been cured of his melancholy, he himself would have been integrated, he would have achieved a capacity for direct communication earlier in life and under happier auspices, and the unconscious arrogance and submissiveness that mar his work would have been muted. Nevertheless it must be admitted that much that is valuable in him, as well as much that we can only deplore, spring out of those intense spiritual struggles which were the fruit of his neurosis and his inner tension.

Three elements in his teaching seem to be, at least, not commendable. The first is his rejection of speculation which was a rejection of humanism and of reason. We have seen how, in his early phase of rebellion, his mind was turned in admiration towards the great humanists, the distinguished, talented men of the world, men whose attention was not given merely to the more painful aspects of life, lovers of learning, of beauty, of nature, of music, of spontaneity, of joy, men who were not indifferent to any experience capable of moving the heart, whether of grief or delight. No Christianity can meet the needs of the modern world which is not married to the gentle and kindly and liberal and tolerant spirit of humanism, which can find no place for the finer fruits of culture, for the variety and scope of human gifts. Kierkegaard's Christianity was a conscious renunciation of humanism, all the more remarkable because of the richness and breadth of his own talents, for Kierkegaard was perhaps the most gifted man that Denmark has ever produced, with the soul of a poet, a passionate interest in dialectic for its own sake, and a love of music and drama and every art that adds grace to life. Nothing is more significant in his development than the excruciating conflict which he experienced over his wish to publish, in the middle stages of his career, a tribute which he had written to an actress, the wife of Helberg.

Secondly, Kierkegaard's rejection of reason is a no less unfortunate aspect of his thought. He believed in Christianity through the paradox, the absurd, the leap of faith. Not only does he argue that the belief that a simple Galilean peasant was God himself is not demonstrable to reason, but he devotes his very considerable dialectical ingenuity to a series of elaborate arguments to show that the belief was an offence to reason. His *Philosophical Fragments* is scathing in its denunciation of any attempt to prove the truth of Christianity, the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and so on. Kierkegaard seeks, first of all, to expose the futility of historical arguments to show that a divine person named Jesus actually lived, actually performed the miracles attributed to him, actually uttered the recorded sayings, actually rose from the dead. That the truth of such evidence can never be more than approximate he believes to be shown by the fact that it did not convince the

majority of persons who actually knew Jesus, for few of his contemporaries accepted him as God. Such approximate evidence is, in Kierkegaard's view, quite useless for the purposes of faith. But, he adds, the speculative proofs of Christianity are even more unsatisfactory. Belief in Christianity, then, must spring from faith, not from reason ; it must be a belief in the absurd. Kierkegaard's attitude to reason became less and less reputable as, in later years, he surrendered with more and more completeness to his father. His thought took on an increasingly authoritative tone, in fundamental contradiction to his earlier insistence on the subjectivity of truth, on inwardness, on existential appropriation. His new dictum was " subjectivity is untruth." In all seriousness, in *The Concluding Unscientific Postscript*, he put forward, as a valid argument for the existence of God, the argument that his father had told him so. Kierkegaard continually insists in his later works that the rejection of Christianity when it occurs is an act of rebellion, an affair of the will, not an act of reason. His only early rejection of Christianity was indeed an affair of the will, as his later acceptance was a return to submission. At bottom, Kierkegaard's leap of faith is determined by the fact that the Christian tradition, and more especially his father, had set up the dogma that belief in Christ as the God-man was necessary to salvation. What Kierkegaard calls in *The Concluding Unscientific Postscript* his " eternal happiness " is of such infinite importance to him that he can take no risks ; thus he decides to believe. Unfortunately such a decision meant not only the throwing overboard of reason, " the one sacrifice," E. L. Allen remarks, "that God does not ask of his children, for it is the quenching of the Inner Light," not only a violent repudiation of all Christian apologetics (the vigour of his attacks on apologetics are an indication of the strength of reason and dialectic in him which he is consigning to the flames), but the growth in him of a combination of harsh authoritarianism with an ignoble submissiveness that has something of the spirit of Fascism, shown in such passages as this:

> The human race, spoiled through its unthinking familiarity with Christianity, as something that is there for good and all, has got some such idea as this : For a long time now, God has given no news of himself as Master and Lord, Christianity has devolved on us, and we can either get rid of it altogether, or bit by bit adapt it *ad libitum* as our possession and our invention. We do not need to treat it as something which *in obedient subjection* under God's majesty we ought to believe ; but if it is to find admission we must consider how it is to satisfy ' the time ', ' the public ', ' this distinguished company ', etc., with the help of ' reasons '. Every revolt in science against discipline, every revolt in social life against obedience, every revolt in the political sphere against civil rule, is of a piece with this revolt of the race against God and Christianity, and springs out of it.

Thirdly, one of the symptoms of Kierkegaard's neurosis was a sense of guilt, a masochism, a disposition to self-torture, which bears

fruit in a tendency to present religion with an inhuman severity. We owe a debt indeed to Kierkegaard for his analysis of the condition of 'anguish' which is a feature of the experience of any genuinely religious man, as, indeed, of any sensitive person in the modern world. It is significant that every existentialist thinker, from Jaspers to Heidegger and Sartre, has given his own interpretation of this 'anguish' which they recognize to mark the experience of all men capable of authentic being, not sunk in that spiritual torpor or slavish conformity in which they virtually cease to have the qualities of persons. But with Kierkegaard's rejection of his earlier religion of immanence, with his acceptance of what he called religion B, with its insistence on God as the transcendent, the "wholly other", its emphasis on the abysmal unworthiness of man seen in relation to God's supernatural goodness, on the unbridgable gulf separating God from man, his Christianity becomes a religion that inspires terror. A finite man who realizes to the full, in the way Kierkegaard meant him to realize it, what is involved in attempting to relate himself to an infinite God, is shattered with a sense of his unworthiness, his total inadequacy. He is faced with the terrible necessity, if he is to be a Christian, of living day by day in the presence of the transcendent, a presence that cannot but fill him with the acutest sense of sin and shame. Kierkegaard often speaks in his journals of the necessity of presenting Christianity to the age with its due character of severity, while increasingly he came to believe that it was his own destiny to be, in the literal sense, martyred. Kierkegaard was always severe in his attitude to himself. He tells us in his Journals how he altered his life to see how much he could bear. To others he was sometimes gentle and loving, and in such moments he would rebuke himself for his severity at other times. Nevertheless there was at these other times, which on the whole were predominant, a note of inhuman harshness, as when he speaks of the need for a revival in the belief in eternal hell fire for sinners, and when he pours bitter scorn on the pastor who was influenced by considerations of worldly comfort and security, or by the wish (surely human and natural enough) of "Pastor Frederick to sleep in the soft arms of Juliana."

This aspect of Kierkegaard's Christianity seems to me to be as false as it is repellent. The God whom Kierkegaard portrays, whose demands on man are such as to terrify by their severity, who wishes man to abase himself and accept his complete worthlessness, who punishes him through all eternity for not attaining supernatural standards with human powers, is a repulsive figure. Any conception of man which does not recognize that he is made in the divine image, that he is endowed with a spirit whose attributes are divine, with a capacity for freedom, love, creativeness and an aspiration towards

value, and with gifts of supreme worth that can be devoted to great purposes, and any conception of God which does not recognize that God needs man as man needs God and that man can talk with God in a friendly and informal way without fear, seem to me not to be recommended. It is true indeed that the religious life involves suffering, that love itself means accepting the burden of others. Nevertheless, in religion, as in love, it is important to emphasize the element of joy, of peace, of superabundant life, of fulfilment ; even the life of the instincts should not be merely denied, but transfigured.

It seems ungenerous to offer so much criticism of so great a figure as Kierkegaard, a man also whose heroic sufferings cannot but move us to the deepest sympathy, yet it is important to recognize how profound conceptions become perverted in him through that neurosis which tormented his life with such a profound melancholy and inner division. Martin Buber remarks that the person who relates himself to God while failing effectively to relate himself to other persons and to society, tends to find his very God-relationship perverted to a false spirituality while finally even the God in his own heart deserts him and he is engaged merely in a dialogue with himself. Kierkegaard's neurotic temperament disposed him only too gravely to evasion and abstention in his various human and social relationships. M. Mounier remarks that to Kierkegaard the world was *de trop*; he rejected the world, he rejected marriage, he rejected the church, he rejected communication, he rejected the tradition of humanist thought, he rejected reason, he rejected politics. Thus his experience was increasingly reduced to a relation with an incommunicable transcendence which isolated him from the concrete world.

It may well be that the very defects of Kierkegaard were largely responsible for his great originality and influence. The extent of that influence is becoming increasingly recognized. M. Mounier considers that Marx and Kierkegaard are the two greatest influences on contemporary thought, adding that the tragedy of the modern intellectual situation is that the followers of Kierkegaard have been unable to understand the followers of Marx, so that they have become separated by a profound hostility, yet a true synthesis for our time would combine what is valid in both. M. Mounier, indeed, and his Personalists, have attempted to make that synthesis, and it may well be that what our age needs is just that integration of religious insight on the one hand, and of the objective and scientific approach, on the other, which is what M. Mounier has in mind.

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BROADCASTING THE ELECTION

By Newsman

HISTORIANS and commentators find it convenient to distinguish general elections by affixing a label to them, for instance, " Midlothian ", " People's Budget ", " Khaki ", " Zinovieff Letter ", " Post Office Savings ". If this practice is followed for the election of February 1950 it may well come to be known as the " Broadcasting Election ". Some will perhaps consider " Stalemate " a more appropriate epithet, though that is a condition which has been known before, and in this instance broadcasting was probably largely responsible for bringing it about (a point which will be taken up later).

Broadcasting in 1950 completed the revolution in the nature of British elections which really began in 1945. Having in January listened with mounting interest to half-a-dozen " party political broadcasts ", as the main parties hastily cashed their unexpended coupons in the B.B.C.'s ration book, broadcasts which became quite openly the first shots in the battle, the public proceeded to gather in vast numbers round its loudspeakers to listen to fourteen more addresses which constituted the official quota for the election period. In 1945 the average audience for each election broadcast, according to the B.B.C., was just under 45 per cent. of the adult population. It is expected when the figures for 1950 are revealed that this percentage will prove to be slightly smaller. For this two reasons may be adduced in advance. First, television viewers, now a considerable body but not included in the day-to-day survey of listening undertaken by the B.B.C., were able to listen to repeats of the broadcasts after their evening viewing was completed. Secondly, in 1945, Mr. Churchill, at the height of his fame as a radio personality, spoke four times, and increased the average audience by his own high figures. This time he spoke only once in the election series proper. But even supposing the percentage turns out to be below 40, it will still be astonishingly high. No spoken word broadcast normally attracts half this figure, except the King's. During the first fortnight of February, then, the listening public, we may say, was as interested in politics as in its favourite variety programmes. For a brief period, statesmen may, it seems, enter the Valhalla of Dick Barton and Mr. Ted Ray. Full employment becomes as fascinating as " Family Favourites ",

housing as absorbing as Saturday Night Theatre.

The special circumstances of 1945 were not a freak. The radio campaign has maintained its hold, and with television rapidly spreading through the country, is likely to strengthen it. Broadcasting is now the most important single factor of persuasion, before which manifestos, meetings, newspaper reports, election addresses must all yield. Was not the Radio Doctor the only true sensation of the election ? Nothing was more indicative of the powerful influence of broadcasting techniques of discussion than the arrangement in many more constituencies than ever before of " round tables " and " brains trusts " at which all the candidates appeared, or the " great debates" in various national newspapers, in which protagonists of the different policies were set up against each other in mock combat. Many newspapers " led " the morning after with the " nine-fifteen " broadcast, not because they wanted to trot at the heels of the B.B.C. but because of the general recognition that it was here that the important things were being said, the things that would decide the issue.

The days when the rumour would go round that So-and-so was going to spring something new at Birmingham or Leeds or Paisley or Plymouth, when excited crowds would assemble as a result of carefully dropped hints by campaign managers, when reporters would scatter and scramble for telephones as soon as the great man had sat down, to catch an edition ahead of their rivals with the news, those days are past, and many, not only in journalism, will say, alas! The attempts by the *Telegraph* and the *Express* to build Winston Churchill's tour in the west into a repetition of the victory tour of 1945 were not a success. Even the appearance of the old warrior in support of his son at Plymouth, an occasion which not so very many years ago would have been a tremendous and national one, aroused little interest outside the locality. The *Herald* had rather better luck with the Prime Minister's journeys in his wife's car, but the demonstrations were mild and there were no stampedes. Many reporters were set the melancholy and scarcely arduous task of sitting in front of office radio sets checking the spoken text of the night's performance at Broadcasting House with a printed handout from an all too efficient public relations officer. How the old political correspondents who were powers in the land, the great reporters who followed Joe Chamberlain and " C-B " and Lloyd George in their tempestuous progresses round the country, must be turning in their graves ! They are not likely to know peace again for when sight is added to sound in the home on a national scale, the inducement to turn out to meetings where the local candidate is performing will be smaller than ever.

Even those who are the most strenuous supporters of the British form of radio campaigning and, with not unreasonable satisfaction,

compare the placid atmosphere of these talks, sometimes made, in the case of the senior statesmen, literally from fireside to fireside, or at any rate from the intimacy of a small B.B.C. studio, with the crazy operatic performances of Hitler in the Berlin Kroll, or the frenetic enthusiasms of the American party conventions, will not claim that the change of conditions under which the elector makes up his mind is wholly a good thing.

Certainly it permits a more rational and even intellectual approach to problems which are big enough and difficult enough to demand close and critical attention. And the stunt, that raising of an issue which will distract the electorate or render it fearful, a powerful weapon in days gone by, becomes almost impossible when the cool passionless microphone is the principal medium of communication. The 1950 election was freer of stunts than probably any in the last 70 years. No Gestapo-ridden Britain held up as a bogy. No Laski thrown to the lions to make a constitutional holiday. Even on 1945 the advance was striking. Only a few splutterings over petrol rationing on the one side, and an ill-advised application of the word, on the other, by Ernest Bevin to the Churchill *démarche* on a further meeting with Stalin. In fact once an extensive use of the radio has been planned and publicized, raising a hare goes out of season. A last-minute swing of votes in any great number is highly improbable. And that is one of the reasons, anyway, why the true division of the land into almost exactly equal halves, a new version of the "two nations", was revealed in all its perplexing nakedness when John Snagge and his companions had finished their marathon task on the evening of February 24. (Though the evening papers that day sold more copies than have ever been printed in the history of evening journalism, the ' ball by ball ' commentary on the B.B.C. for nearly 24 hours on end, which held a sporting nation spellbound, put the final seal on the dominance of broadcasting in the election of 1950.)

Lucid exposition of policy for all by the leaders who hitherto were only heard by fortunate minorites, and the banishing of mass hysteria; these are solid credits to election broadcasting. But there is a debit side, and one by no means negligible. If national issues are the centre of attention, local issues inevitably suffer. If the leaders capture the limelight, local candidates remain in the wings. In Newsman's own constituency, for instance, part industrial, with a direct interest in nationalization, part agricultural, with a similarly acute interest in protection against foreign competition, nothing was said on the air which more than remotely concerned the effect of five years of socialist government on the first section, and absolutely nothing at all about the problem which besets the second section. No personality of even third-rate importance came anywhere near

the area, though the distance from London does not even involve an overnight stay. Meetings, except in the deeply rural districts where an old-fashioned convention, soon no doubt to disappear, enjoins attendance by farmers and farmworkers alike at the meetings of all candidates, in the nearest village were ill-patronized. Excitement there was none. Yet the percentage of those who went to the poll was almost up to the national average.

This passive seriousness on the part of the electorate is matched by an involuntary unrepresentativeness in the successful candidate, who is unlikely, especially in the current circumstances, to have any opportunity to raise regional themes, and who must feel that he is first and foremost a voting unit under the crack of his Whips. Here, of course, we are up against a facet of the general problem of centralization, and verging on the great dilemma of Westminster. But it is odd that broadcasting should be contributing to them. Indeed, it is paradoxical that at a time when the B.B.C. has educated the whole country to prefer balanced discussion (thanks in the first place to Huxley, Joad and Campbell), to platform polemics, the earliest and most genuine form of encounter, between candidate and voter, should be on the point of vanishing. Such hecklers as there were at the February meetings were for the most part quite openly organized, and followed the candidate from place to place. What Mr. McCallum in his valuable book on the 1945 Election called the " sense of constituency "—" the foundation of the British representative system of Parliamentary government "—has also been weakened by the redistribution of seats, in many cases, perhaps, owing to the new conditions, beyond repair.

In one respect, the candidates themselves are at fault. They permit their election addresses to be grotesquely out-of-date. Not only are most of these badly printed—and it is a mistake to suppose that good typography is so expensive that it will automatically deliver the candidate into the hands of Sir Hartley Shawcross—but they show little sign of appreciation of the new surroundings. No longer is it necessary for a candidate to waste space over his party's national policy. That is being adequately propounded, by the greater and wiser and more eloquent than he, at the microphone. He has this chance at least of declaring his devotion to local topics, and of ensuring that every voter has an equal chance of reading his views. This is his prerogative, and no-one can take it away from him. By concentrating on these neighbourhood questions, he may even be able to make something of a nuisance of himself when he gets to Westminster. But in an age when propaganda in almost every other field is highly professional and streamlined, election addresses (and posters too for that matter) remain sadly anachronistic in their prim Victorian wooing. Even the journalistic candidates, of whom in this

election there was a record number, seemed to fall under the spell of custom, or their agent, and to manufacture effusions which cried out for a sub-editorial pencil. Apart from stressing local topics, the election address ought also to contain more personal detail about the candidate, of whom, as we indicated, the electors may well see little or nothing. In an age when personality is the mainspring of the popular newspaper, the broadcast programme and the film, the diffidence of most candidates in revealing any but the skimpiest details of themselves, their family and their record, borders on the absurd. If they are treated as nonentities, it may be to this extent their own fault. The individual must find his own weapons to beat the machine, in politics as anywhere else, and at an election as at any other time.

Individuality was somewhat half-heartedly pursued in the choice and the manner of the party broadcasters, both in the period immediately preceding the election and after the dissolution. Undoubtedly a great deal of thought was given to the choice, and a great deal of trouble taken with the manner. Heroics were brought down to the conversational level. But before political speakers as a group are likely to be short-listed for the Oscar of radio, they have still a long way to go. J. B. Priestley was a Labour gain ; the Radio Doctor an even greater Conservative success. They were the only two masters of the microphone to be employed, and their mastery had been established under different auspices. There was, therefore, the important element of surprise about them ; the comedian was playing Hamlet. Mr. Churchill is rather a master *at* the microphone. He subdues it to his oratorical purposes. But it was only in the closing passage of his broadcast on February 17—" Of course, I am, as I am reminded, an old man . . ."—that he once again reached that high communion of spirit which should ideally exist between the man who utters the word and those who hear it, and of which his wartime broadcasts were such superb examples. Sir Stafford Cripps is of course a model broadcaster, and a model of standard English. His resonant tone, his poised reasonableness, his subtle changes of pitch and force and speed, even his avoidance of pitfalls, such as the sibilants which strew the path of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Morrison, all contribute to a faultless performance. But despite his anxious determination to appear human—the anecdote about the grandchild who said "Granpie is balancing his bucket" would have seemed just right on any other lips than those of the Olympian of No. 11—the very perfection of his technique is to many people, irrational beings, an irritation. So Herbert Morrison, unmistakable Cockney, much less of an ideal performer, but one who has taken infinite pains to correct his faults, turns out to be more intimate and more persuasive. His ostensibly aimable references to Mr. Churchill :

" You know, between ourselves, anything concerned with economics just isn't up his street "—were poisoned barbs. Anthony Eden suffers from the same technical impeccability as Sir Stafford Cripps. Though there is every indication of his sincerity and thoughtfulness, a slight air of patronage hangs over all, and the use of such phrases as : " I put it to you " and : "My friends" was rank bad broadcasting. Some—floating voters, of course—who found Sir Stafford and Mr. Eden both too smooth may have felt the same about Lord Woolton's salesmanship, which of its kind was undoubtedly superb. The engaging over-the-counter frankness was heightened by the unexpected traces of a north-country accent which revealed him as a man of the people *au fond.* In the matter of deviation from standard English, and in these days of Welsh Separatists and Scottish Covenants, Labour undoubtedly was farsighted to employ James Griffiths and Margaret Herbison. Of the former's lyrical and affecting simplicity, masking a quite ruthless partisanship, the listener had had experience in 1945. This was an even finer example of the velvet Celtic gift. But Miss Herbison from Shotts, whose caressing tone might well excite the envy of Anne Shelton, was a new discovery. Beside her calculating artlessness, Miss Horsbrugh seemed like a schoolmistress in earnest colloquy with the sixth form. Some of us, we felt, might even be up to scholarship standard.

The Liberals, especially Megan Lloyd George—when women broadcasters are good they are very, very good—and the ageless Samuel, all gave excellent renderings of a theme which appears to have excited curiosity, no more. So, bathed in a sinister red glow like the Demon King's, which almost materialized as he spoke, did Harry Pollitt. At least he covered more of the world in eight and a half minutes than all the other candidates in their aggregate of hours. The booby prize must sadly be awarded to Ernest Bevin whose performance was without question the most lamentable any statesman has given before any microphone. As the interminable clichés stumbled over the air, from a man who in 1945 had, next to Churchill, been the hero of the hour and whose every word had been waited for and weighed, one reflected that heavy as the burden of any Foreign Secretary must be at this time, the task of bringing sense out of obscurity must fall with equal severity upon the luckless secretaries and translators who stand behind the council tables of the Commonwealth, of Europe, and of the world at large. It needed all the skill of the Prime Minister in the final broadcast, when he once again gave his familiar but effective interpretation of the plain man doing his best in the face of colleagues and enemies alike, to overcome the impression created by his senior Minister.

Concentration of interest in these nightly displays, and the inevitability of reflecting them the morning after, led the press into curiou

byways of activity. The *Herald*, whose reporting of speeches was governed solely by party criteria, ran a sideline contest for political cartoons, and was able to boast of 200,000 entries. The *Express*, which once again fastened gleefully on any references, friendly or other, to the £6 pay packet and Lord Beaverbrook's influence on the campaign also called for votes on the best and worst broadcasts of the election, but, unlike the editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY, restricted its contributors to 50 words. The *Mail* invited its readers, with some success, to submit political cartoons. The *Sunday Despatch* and *Reynolds News* made ingenious use of the strip cartoon for propagandist purposes, and the former provided, for a few weeks, an alternative to the pools, one apparently much appreciated by its readers, by printing an assortment of photographs and calling for a decision on which sailor-suited child had grown into which mature politician. Besides this and the other fascinating occupations for those about to deliver a political testimony at a time of almost unprecedented crisis in the country's history, such surveys of the constituencies, and such straightforward reporting of speeches as were carried out by *The Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *News-Chronicle* and *Yorkshire Post*, seemed tame. Yet the surveys in particular, aside from their immediate purpose, constituted a revealing social document of the new Britain. The allocation of more newsprint was, in these instances at least, dedicated to descriptive purposes as valuable in their own way as the new Ordnance Survey. This was at a time when the B.B.C., because of its self-imposed ban on reporting or discussing anything even distantly connected with the election (apart, of course, from the time put at the disposal of the parties) was reduced temporarily to the rôle of mere entertainer. It was therefore a moment well seized on by the papers referred to, and an exercise of talent more likely to point the way to a genuine newspaper revival than "promotion" devices. If the press is to recapture the initiative from broadcasting, it will be on quality and comprehensiveness, certainly not on a post-election pursuit of Aneurin Bevan, or on un-English hounding of Mr. Strachey.

THE CASE IS ALTERED

By Freda C. Bond

YES dears, it *is* a funny name, and my father told me
When he was a little one, ever so long ago,
They called the pub The Rifleman—but you know
How the barracks was moved, to over beyond the railway :
It finished the custom here. Not but what the beer
Is good still, so my father says.

It was their Nanny who told the children this,
It would have been say nineteen four or five.
Miss Dorothy and Miss Phyllis, those were the children,
The two Miss Mossops—they are still alive—
Brought up like ladies, never asking to play
In the public park, making friends with no-one knows who,
But going for a walk with Nanny every day
Up the road by The Case Is Altered and down the lane
By the blacksmith's forge. In a minute or two
With elms and hawthorn and elder the country began.

Wavering over the meadow, a pathway ran
To Mrs. Potter's farm. They could come to no harm,
Mrs. Potter said, if they ran round loose a bit
While Nanny sampled the season's turnip wine.
They went there every Friday, to pay for the eggs—
Three dozen, or was it four—
Delivered weekly to the door ;
They fished for tadpoles in the pond and gathered
Rose hips and old man's beard, and Mr. Cole,
Who came each week to teach them how to draw,
Arranged the rose hips in a china bowl
With dragons on, and said it wasn't right
To paint the high lights in with Chinese white.

Beyond the quickset hedge, the spears of poplars
Stood up to guard the lane—the sun
Striped the white roadway like the tabby cat
Who lived at The Poplars' lodge, so Dorothy said.

She was always fanciful, Dorothy, always a one
For getting notions in her head.
She lives at The Poplars now : I'm coming to that.

The Poplars was owned by a rich old lady then,
A beautiful house : the children used to go
To parties at The Poplars, when
There'd be a conjuror, and a magic lantern,
Or perhaps in summer
Fairy lights strung like fireflies in the trees.

Houses like these—like The Poplars, I mean,
And Trafalgar Lodge at Dyers Green,
And the Old Manor, a little way beyond
The field that led to the tadpole pond,
Were all owned then by people the Mossops knew.
Mrs. Mossop was never a one to leave a card
On jumped up families, so Nanny said.

Oh, it's long years now since Mrs. Mossop was dead
And the Colonel, and Nanny too, and it would go hard
With their timid, troubled ghosts, to find the way
Past The Case Is Altered to Mrs. Potter's farm.
The by pass cuts across the poultry yard,
And where the children used to play
By the tadpole pond, are the all-electric flats.
(They drained the pond, when an evacuee
Was drowned there, back in forty three).
Trafalgar Lodge they pulled down, to make way
For the new Picturedrome.
But the Old Manor hasn't been pulled down.
Although not very handy for the town
It's the Food Office now.
They took on Phyllis Mossop as a clerk ;
She is quite good now at priorities.
She needs the extra cash to pay the fees
The Poplars charge for Dorothy. She was the one
Was always getting fancies and the shock
Of that V2 just finished her. They said
She really would be happier in a Home.
The Poplars still has pleasant grounds, although
The fairy lights were broken long ago.
The Case Is Altered : yes,
You can't put back the clock.

AUSTRALIAN POETRY

By T. Inglis Moore

AUSTRALIA'S Dr. Johnson of her nationalistic 'nineties, A. G. Stephens, once cried exuberantly : " And aha ! Hope ! In some recent New South Wales military manœuvres the (Australian) Scotchmen—not to be the target of opposing marksmen —adopted the precaution of wearing their hirsute tassel at the rear. A fine symbol. Put Scotland behind, put Ireland behind, put England behind—not as sources of inspiration, but as goals of aspiration—and go forward with Australia."

It is with this spirit of Stephens that Australian poetry is going forward with Australia to-day, expressing the spirit of the land and the people with a healthy vitality and self-confidence. Never before in the country's history have so many books of verse been published each year. With a population of only eight million, Australia is producing a poetic output almost as large as that of Great Britain. Some is only ephemeral verse, of course, and much is poetry of merely fair average quality. But poetic and critical standards have risen notably during the last ten years or so, and when Ian Mudie published *Poets at War* in 1944, this anthology of verse by Australian servicemen was distinctly superior to a similar one representing the Eighth Army. It was significant that the collection contained over 70 writers, and about half of these were practising poets, writing with the assurance of experience.

Among standard pieces, too, in recent collections one is always sure of striking a few excellencies, such as Judith Wright's war lyric, *The Company of Lovers* :

> Death marshals up his armies round us now :
> Their footsteps crowd too near.
> Lock your warm hand above my chilling heart
> And for a time I live without my fear.
> Grope in the night to find me and embrace,
> For the dark preludes of the drums begin,
> And round us, round the company of lovers,
> Death draws his cordons in.

The present renaissance in Australian poetry is part of a cultural activity now stirring throughout the nation. It is reflected in the fact that, despite a high mortality rate amongst literary magazines, three periodicals have offered valuable opportunities to writers during the last decade. Younger poets have been able to establish

themselves through the pages of *Southerly*, the organ of the Australian English Association in Sydney, *Meanjin*, a quarterly edited in Melbourne by C. B. Christesen, and *Poetry*, published first in Adelaide and then in Melbourne. For some years, too, experimentalists and surrealists found a voice in the Melbourne *Angry Penguins*. The Sydney *Bulletin* continues, however, to publish the best poetry in Australia. These periodicals have stimulated poetry considerably both by its publication and by critical reviews. The veteran publishing firm of Angus & Robertson has not only pursued a generous policy in publishing younger poets, but also produced an annual anthology, *Australian Poetry*. Literary associations, such as the Fellowship of Australian Writers and leading newspapers offer prizes for poems, the *Sydney Morning Herald* having set aside £30,000 for prizes in annual literary competitions, including one for poetry. The Commonwealth Literary Fund has sponsored the publication of books of verse and each year awards literary fellowships of £400 a year to writers. Two of the 1948 awards went to Judith Wright and Rex Ingamells. The second has been largely responsible for the Jindyworobak movement which has published a number of poets and produced an annual *Jindyworobak Anthology of Poetry*. Our contemporary poets, therefore, receive a measure of encouragement and recognition which would not have been dreamed of ten years ago. Moreover, the Commonwealth Department of Information has been successful in placing the work of Australian writers in English, American and European publications.

The comparatively favourable conditions for poets in Australia to-day contrast sharply with the heartbreaking struggles and hardships of the past. Indeed, the present renaissance can only be appreciated if seen against the perspective of Australia's history. From the founding of the first settlement at Sydney in 1788 to about 1890, Australian poetry passed through a " colonial " period. The conditions of the convict days and pioneering in the great continent gave little chance to writers. Poetry was derivative in character and second-hand in quality, whether written by exiles such as Adam Lindsay Gordon or by native-born poets such as Charles Harpur and Henry Kendall.

Then in the 'nineties of last century came a transformation. A new, dynamic nationalism resulted in the colonies joining to federate in the Commonwealth. The colonial period and mentality were over. Australia was born, not only as a nation constitutionally, but also spiritually. Its writers, under the aggressive leadership of the Sydney *Bulletin*, glorified Australia, especially through the short story and the bush ballad. Henry Lawson and A.B. (" Banjo ") Paterson sang of the " bush ", or country, in swinging Kiplingesque rhymes that were completely indigenous, and a vision of future greatness was finely expressed by the philosopher and patriot Bernard

O'Dowd.

This nationalism, petering out in the first decade of this century, was followed by a number of individualists, each taking his own track. The period from about 1900 to 1930, saw the emergence of Australia's finest poets, of philosophers and social critics such as C. J. Brennan, William Baylebridge, and " Furnley Maurice " (Frank Wilmot), and such first-class lyrists as Hugh McCrae, Shaw Neilson, and Dame Mary Gilmore. Almost unknown in England, where the " primitives " such as A. L. Gordon and Henry Kendall are still eulogised, the best work of these later writers can take a high place in the poetry written in the English language. All are now dead except Hugh McCrae and Mary Gilmore who, in their old age, are still writing lyrics of disinction.

These poets, however, were individual and isolated. It remained for the economic depression of the 1930's to produce a re-awakening of the national spirit through a social and cultural ferment. From then dates the present renaissance, with its revival of the hopes, aspirations and patriotic fervours of the 'nineties, but with these sharpened to a keener realism by the experiences of a world depression and a second world war.

In the contemporary movement several new trends are significant. The general emphasis is upon Australia, and particularly so in the work of the poets associated with the Jindyworobak movement, such as Rex Ingamells, Flexmore Hudson (Editor of *Poetry*) and Ian Mudie. They strive to " stress something of the possibilities of poetry based on the Australian environment," aiming at " a pure and realistic sense of national direction in literature." They employ, for instance, the language and lore of the native aborigines. Self-conscious, to some extent adolescent, the movement has proclaimed explicitly what the majority of Australian poets are now taking for granted—the natural use of the Australian environment, idiom and imagery. Now they naturally sing, not of " fields " and " dells " but of " paddocks " and " gullies ". There is a fresh tang, often colloquial, to poetic speech.

Thus Kenneth Slessor, craftsman and modernist, writes his splendid elegy *Five Bells* on a drowned friend and uses the harbour and suburbs of Sydney with forcible effect :

> Deep and dissolving verticals of light
> Ferry the falls of moonshine down. Five bells
> Coldly run out in a machine's voice. Night and water
> Pour to one rip of darkness, the Harbour floats
> In air, the Cross hangs upside-down in water.
>
> . . . . Your echoes die, your voice is dowsed by Life,
> There's not a mouth can fly the pygmy strait—
> Nothing except the memory of some bones

Long shoved away, and sucked away, in mud ;
And unimportant things you might have done,
Or once I thought you did ; but you forgot,
And all have now forgotten—looks and words
And slops of beer ; your coat with buttons off,
Your gaunt chin and pricked eye, and raging tales
Of Irish kings and English perfidy,
And dirtier perfidy of publicans
Groaning to God from Darlinghurst.

Not only do poets seek to picture the Australian scene, but they also have shown in the last few years a strong interest in the national past—a novel feature amongst a people who hitherto have shown little historic sense. Now the poets are singing of the early explorers, and the memories of Captain Cook, Tasman, De Quiros, Pelsart and other adventurers are being recreated in lyrics, short narrative poems and poetic dramas.

With this new interest in the seafarers has come a kindred one in the sea, stimulated probably by the fighting of our servicemen in the Pacific theatre of war and in many theatres overseas. Formerly, Australian literature has largely been a landlocked one, turning inward to the bush. Now, for the first time, a number of poets are hymning the sea and ships and the coastal fishing towns. A young poet, Francis Webb, for example, has painted a remarkable picture of the past in his poem *A Drum for Ben Boyd*, which tells of the legendary founder of a New South Wales coastal town by means of a series of powerful dramatic monologues. Val Vallis's *Songs of the East Coast* and Nan McDonald's *Pacific Sea* are two recent volumes that represent this maritime trend.

Australia has become, too, not only a landscape or seascape to paint, but a land with problems for thought. Although there is no significant revolutionary, proletarian, or communist poetry, there is a new social awareness, a searching of the national science, a critical, often satirical, evaluation of Australian society and values by such intellectual poets as A. D. Hope, Leonard Mann, James McAuley and others.

These are some of the significant trends in Australian poetry to-day, which are supplemented, of course, by a number of purely lyrical poets, a few philosophers seeking universal themes, and exceptional cases, such as Peter Hopegood who presents world symbols and ancient myths in highly individual terms.

In spirit, despite the few satirists or tragic poets, the general tendency is a healthy, optimistic, pagan vitality. Australia has never become a poetic waste land, partly, I think, because it is a country of the dawn, a young land looking hopefully to the future, and partly because it is still close to the earth and has never known the malaise of a highly industrialized society. It is lacking in spirituality, rarely touching

spiritual depths or troubled by spiritual complexities. Rather it has the cheery gusto of a man in good health without any serious worries. Typical of this vigour, this positive affirmation of life, is this passage from Robert D. FitzGerald's long poem, *Essay on Memory* :

> How should we hold us from wild enterprise,
> Who use the limbs of the past and its quick eyes
> And are eternally in debt to those
> Who stung into the earth-dawn's turgid throes
> Urge of keen life ? We'll crash the trestles down
> That barricade clear laughter, take the town
> On a burst of shouting that through fissures rent
> Cascades its fervid glee, magnificent.
> We'll slit gloom's gullet, oracling defeat,
> And crack great barrels of song in open street
> Free for the drinking. We'll make fabulous
> This world, in honour of them who gave it to us,
> Not just the Nelsons, Newtons, of our race,
> The Phillips grounding at a landing-place
> Continent-wide, but all whom violence of mind,
> Violence of action, grew such singleness
> That if they did but grow, ambitionless
> Except to live in the sun, they served their kind
> With that straight growth of will which bears for
> Seed zest to create.

How far has this zest to create produced poetic achievement? On the whole, I think that Australia is producing the strongest body of such achievement amongst the British Dominions. The acknowledged leaders of contemporary poets—leaving aside such older writers still practising as Hugh McCrae and Mary Gilmore, whose place is assured—are Robert D. FitzGerald and Kenneth Slessor. Both are intellectual poets, who think in philosophic terms and reach out for universal significance, disregarding the political and social conflicts of the day. Both, too, are conscientious craftsmen who maintain a high standard in their published work, Robert FitzGerald in his *Moonlight Acre* volume and Kenneth Slessor in his *Five Bells* and *One Hundred Poems*. The one, however, is traditionalist in form and positive in outlook, while the other experiments in modern techniques and his work contains a bitter, tragic note.

With these two go Douglas Stewart and Judith Wright, both essentially lyrical poets. Originally a New Zealander, Douglas Stewart has made Australia his home and, being an excellent critic, edits the literary page of the *Bulletin*. It might be noted, incidentally, that professionally he and Kenneth Slessor are both journalists (the latter a former official war correspondent). Robert FitzGerald is a surveyor, whilst Judith Wright, the youngest of the four, is employed on statistical work at the University of Queensland.

The versatile Douglas Stewart first made his mark in the pure lyric of a romantic character, showing a distinctive ability for rhythm and

melody. Recently he used the old Scotch ballad effectively in his volume *Glencoe*. But he has devoted himself largely to poetic drama for both stage and wireless, using Australian themes in his *Ned Kelly*—the famous bushranger—and *Shipwreck* and New Zealand ones in *The Golden Lover* and *The Earthquake Shakes The Land*. But his finest achievement is his play on the Scott expedition to the South Pole, *The Fire On The Snow*, where the imagination and power of the poetry match the strength of the theme.

Judith Wright, born in 1915, published her first volume in 1946, *The Moving Image*, consisting of pure, descriptive and reflective lyrics. Personal feeling informs her use of regular forms and stamps them as original. In recent years her work has been the most prominent in our poetry, and her quality, already suggested, may be seen more fully in such a poem as *Woman to Man*.

The eyeless labourer in the night,
The selfless, shapeless seed I hold,
Builds for its resurrection day—
Silent and swift and deep from sight
Foresees the unimagined light.

This is no child with a child's face ;
This has no name to name it by.
Yet you and I have known it well.
This is our hunter and our chase,
The third who lay in our embrace.

This is the strength that your arm knows,
The arc of flesh that is my breast,
The precise crystal of our eyes.
This is the blood's wild tree that grows ;
The intricate and folded rose.

This is the maker and the made,
This is the question and reply,
The blind head butting at the dark ;
The blaze of light along the blade.
Oh hold me, for I am afraid.

Robert D. FitzGerald, Kenneth Slessor, Dougls Stewart and Judith Wright—here are four, who at their best, I feel, can hold their own with comparable leading poets writing in England to-day.

(*Mr. T. Inglis Moore is himself recognized as one of Australia's finest poets. A Graduate of Oxford, he has lectured in English at various American and Australian Universities.*)

LATE EASTER

By Margaret Crosland

IT is better when Easter is late,
leaning on April away from winter ;
else in our cold country
spring comes lentenly and slow.
Then, straggling early to church
holding our hats uphill
against the wind,
we cannot believe the story,
how they found the stone rolled away
and the linen clothes folded inside.
When rain thuds against the porch
and yews cringe against the rotting belfry,
how then can we think of spring
or know how Mary wondered?
Remembered most the cold Easters
stretching back to childhood,
always the hill looming bigger,
the Church darker and the voices
booming or wailing
the long magic hollow syllables.
Single promise of spring
among the prim stone crosses
wild daffodils crept,
outshone the season's formal wreaths.
Children know only summer,
with Christmas like a big moon
in the winter night.
Easter was cold, soon forgotten,
and spring accepted.
Now for so long in our conscious gloom
there is only winter ;
assuming now, easy in pathos,
that summer is unreal for us,
seeing always beyond the torn orchards
and lifeless fields
the huge misery of children's eyes,

spring makes hesitant,
turning to sentimental Janus.
Only high festival, formality of thanks and joy,
breaks us from our questioned selves
or fashionable public doubt,
to the first wonder, the first life.
Yet once in April-Easter,
once in a blue daze of light
the tide swung invisible and sharp
away from sophistry and cold delight
back to the first imagined spring,
the unheard prelude to its sudden green,
the first leaf when the fire was still,
slow tree-glory breaking and branching,
leaping the crowded fern and flower,
springing tall to the sun.
This first unspoken miracle,
living reflected in the eyes of priests,
the raised hands to the man-made gods,
gleaming through centuries of sacrificial smoke—
stretched out to these, whose shadows
lean across our woods,
Astarte, Rhea, Dionysos,
older and younger than ourselves.
So, when Easter is late,
and the cherry in flower,
now blackbirds sing
more magic than our psalms,
leaves are like gems and clouds
hang crystals to our wondering,
the vision leaps from world to world,
the stone rolls back on resurrected spring
new fires blaze up on ancient altars now—
we see the angel standing by the tomb.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE CONCEPT OF DEITY

By W. R. Inge

DR. JAMES'S book* is a valuable contribution to the study of comparative religion. It contains much unfamiliar information, for instance about the early religions of the Far East. It is only in the last chapters, when he deals with atonement, inspiration, and revelation, that he allows himself to be shackled by timidity or loyalty. "Apostolic fellowship preserved in the episcopate guarded the assurance that it was the community founded by Christ." "The literature recorded the official imprimatur of revelation." The factual occurrence of miracles, it appears, is to be judged without reference to laws of nature.

The main subject of the book, 'What do we mean by God?' is very well handled. He might have said more explicitly that 'God' and '*Theos*' are not equivalent, and that the absolute, who dwelleth in the light that no man can approach unto, is not the God of religion. Plotinus is careful not to call 'the One' God, and Eckhart distinguishes sharply between the Godhead and God. The God of religion is immanent as well as transcendent; for the Christian He is the indwelling Christ, whom St. Paul identifies with the Holy Spirit of God.

Dr. James is rightly emphatic that an evolving, emerging God, bound up with the fate of the cosmos, is not God at all. Nor is He only one of two well matched antagonists in a cosmic duel. An impersonal Power does not tally with religious experience. We may hesitate to speak of God as a Person, but the 'I and Thou' relation is never transcended. The saints are unanimous that prayer is neither a soliloquy nor a spiritual dumb-bell exercise.

The author deals with the problems of monism, dualism, and pluralism. Those who have followed Parmenides in denying objective reality to the phenomenal world find only an empty heaven. A journey through the unreal is an unreal journey and leads nowhere.

Dualism naturally suggests the combat between Ahura Mazda and Ahriman. The revolution in Judaism under Persian influence is a vexed question, on which Dr. James does not pronounce decidedly. He would not agree that we owe more to Zarathustra than to Moses.

But he fully recognizes the formidable challenge of metaphysical dualism. Manicheeism, the Western form of the religion, had a long life, and it was only after many years that Augustine rejected it. He came to think that evil is not substantial; it is *privatio boni*. This was on the whole the conclusion of the Platonists. Plutarch, relying on a misunderstood passage of the *Timaeus*, thought that Plato recognized an evil world-soul. Dr. James says rightly that he never thought of such a thing; there is no devil in Platonism. But the moralist knows that there is a devil. The Platonists have not been more successful than other philosophers in solving one of the ultimate mysteries of human life. That evil is merely negative is contrary to our experience. Were "a Borgia and a Catiline," were Djerzinski and Goebbels only deficient in good qualities? In the hierarchy of values there are minus signs.

In the Dark and Middle Ages there was no doubt about the existence of Satan. Only in Scotland, where the De"il "shore the sow" and found

* *The Concept of Deity*, by E. O. James. Hutchinson. 18s.

" much cry and little wool," was he a comic character. The early Christians had abandoned hope in the present dispensation, and were willing to allow Satan the title of prince of this world, as indeed he seemed to be in the sixth—as in the twentieth—century. Our age has abandoned hope in any other dispensation, but wishful thinking may make something of the present. We were too kind-hearted to think of hell, but, as McNeile Dixon says, to our surprise the gates of heaven closed also with a melancholy clang. An optimistic age, entirely misunderstanding Darwin, adopted the dream of automatic progress, which the Roman Catholics call the last great western heresy. There is, we are told, a *nisus* towards the good in nature. If we believe in God, He does not suspend natural law, but all the time He gives a gentle tilt which thwarts the activities of Ahriman. We find this idea in the post-Hegelian absolute idealists like Bradley and Bosanquet, and I think we may say in modern philosophy generally. The idealists identified the absolute with the all of being, not, like the Platonists, " beyond Being." Since God was the all, somehow or other He must include what seems to us evil. Evil must be good in the making ; it only needs to be rearranged and incorporated in a benevolent universality.

Good must finally triumph over evil, not only in the spiritual world but in the temporal order, which Plato calls the moving image of eternity. This belief is very commonly held, not without some justification in the New Testament. St. Paul seems to have believed it. It is what we should all like to believe, and if there is " one increasing purpose " in creation, in Tennyson's odd phrase, we must believe that the purpose is a good one. That there is a teleology in nature can hardly be seriously disputed. Charles Darwin, who is often supposed to have denied purpose in nature, speaks of " that grand sequence of events which our minds refuse to accept as the result of blind chance. The understanding revolts from such a conclusion." But where, except in a small minority of our species, can we find any *nisus* towards a higher mode of living ? The bees and termites, oddly enough, seem to be satisfied with communism. If any bee were able to use its long-atrophied intelligence to think for itself, it would no doubt be quickly liquidated. There seems in fact to be no evidence for this theory of universal meliorism, and no reason whatever to believe in a unitary purpose, which unless we believe in a catastrophic end of the world in space and time, must be for ever unfulfilled.

Time, personality, and evil. These are the three rocks on which every philosophy must own itself beaten if it is to avoid shipwreck. Dr. James has given us an excellent account of the various attempts of mankind, savages, barbarians and civilized, to understand the world in which our lot is placed. Christian theism, as he argues, holds the field. Apart from the experience of personal devotion, which no philosophy can afford to neglect, God seems to have revealed Himself as perfect love or goodness, as truth, and as beauty. These are ultimates, and perhaps there are no others. ' Revelation ' does not mean what you will be burnt or ostracized for if you do not accept it on authority.

THIRTY MINUTES TO RAISE THE DEAD, by D. R. Davies. *The Canterbury Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is a collection of sermons preached between July 1947 and September 1949 at St. Mary Magdalen, St. Leonards-on-Sea, by the reigning successor to F. W. Robertson and R. J. Campbell. Through their considerable diversity of approach and occasion runs one theme : the fallacy of " belief in man and his self-sufficient power, visibly embodied in science, to solve every problem, moral and social as well as material." It is the oft-recurring theme of the moment, in pulpit and religious press ; but the reader is at once aware that here is not the usual, the too usual " defence of

Christianity" ; it is a most vigorous and sustained counter-offensive, as befits a man who was once a strong protagonist of the outlook he now assails as vain in thought and disastrous in its fruits. Basing himself wholly on the Bible and often on the Prophets, he contends relentlessly that the full truth about man and his life on earth is all in these, and that the chaotic and bewildering present state of the world is the logical result of the neglect of them in men's minds. Yet he is wholly free from an unhelpful and uncharitable attitude of " I told you so," and he stresses unerringly an essential but far too often ignored article of Christian belief : that man is an immortal soul, who belongs to a world beyond space and time, and must govern himself in this present world as a citizen of the other.

Mr. Davies is no reformer, with a " social Gospel " ; whereas a Christian must of course be interested in matters of social welfare and justice, these will never be more than by-products of the fundamental Christian attitude of other-worldliness ; and he has small belief this world will ever be much other than a sorry mess, though on a less appalling scale than the present, and no use whatever for any idea that Christianity is a means to turning it into a vastly comfortable suburb of peace and plenty. It is a militant and aggressive creed, in which how a man reacts to whatever happens to him is the true aim, not a seeking continually after pleasant and welcome things. The futile search for this Utopian and impossible condition, he contends, is the root cause of all our troubles, and attempts to achieve it contain more than usually vigorous seeds of their own destruction.

No-one could accuse Mr. Davies of being an escapist : he leaves that to his opponents ; and although his theme is always the same, there is not a dull page in the book. At moments he lets himself go to good-tempered sarcasm : " Intelligentzia is comprised of those people who miss the obvious after prolonged and painful research " ; " a committee is a social device for escaping personal responsibility." His attacks on other things, such as " Fascism, whether red or black " are sterner stuff. Always he offers a case to be answered, if it can be, not an answer to a case.

JOHN HALET.

MOONS, MYTHS AND MAN, by H. S. Bellamy. *Faber & Faber.* 16*s.*

Mr. Bellamy has a specialized interpretation of the ancient myths of all countries, based upon Hoebiger's Cosmological Theory. The cosmic jargon can be intimidating to earth-bound mortals—solifugal material, galactic blocks, faculae, the translatory flight of the sidero-solar system. Yet the theory itself is dramatic enough. It is that at a remote period, but not before men had developed upon it, the earth captured a satellite out of space—' Abyssinia, the Tertiary Satellite '—and drew it closer and closer until it was cataclysmically disintegrated and absorbed. Its pull caused the Great and Universal Flood. Later, and not more than perhaps 13,000 years ago, another satellite was captured out of space, our present moon. This capture caused the fourth Ice Age, and further cataclysms lie ahead.

With this revolutionary conception to work on, Mr. Bellamy uses an immense resource of reading in the myths of all nations to persuade the reader that the earliest legends of mankind are race-memories, or rather species-memories, of these literally world-shattering events. The tertiary satellite, as it passed three times a day round the earth, before its eventual collision, spread a trail of flying ice behind it like a gigantic comet. It showered down fire, warm rain, blocks of metal. It behaved indeed, Mr. Bellamy contends, as is described poetically in the Book of Revelations, the Jewish apocalyptic tradition generally, and in the earliest stories of the gods, from Australia to South America. He sees the trailing tail of

the tertiary satellite related as the Cyclops, the Gorgons, Cerberus, Varna, Homer's Scylla and the whole tribe of dragons, who by variation are the first conceptions of the Devil. Meanwhile the cherubim are ice and ore blocks, and the Babylon of the Apocalypse is naturally Atlantis. The meteorological changes of the earth are fitted to the theory with industrious enthusiasm, with the aid of such glosses on accepted tradition as that the grapes which Joshua's spies found in Canaan were, no doubt, bananas. In the same way 'moon' must sometimes be read 'sun' to make the myths fit the hypothesis, and by doing this and selecting your myths it is quite possible to achieve some sort of logic, although it can hardly be expected that it will convince sceptics. Indeed, the 'explanations' of Revelations seem as far-fetched as most other explanations, that are not cosmological ones.

Yet the work is one of patient ingenuity, and, if one allows the critical faculty to depart protesting, the various parallels can become absorbing. For there is far more to 'the Cosmic Ice Theory' and Mr. Bellamy's elaboration of it than it has been possible to indicate, and whether or not one can swallow the thesis whole, it is clear that the flood traditions (for instance) do need rather more explanation than as the world-wide versions of a local calamity in the Middle East. Early catastrophes do seem to be enshrined in some at least of the myths. Moreover in his most outrageous suggestions Mr. Bellamy's zeal and modesty fail to repel the reader. It is good detective fiction.

The first edition of this work was published thirteen years ago, but this one has been augmented and thoroughly revised. It is sad that the theory, so accommodating and ambitious, appears however to have no place for flying saucers. And it is a shame, too, with all those dragon images crowding the antediluvian wonderland, to have found no cosmological stable for the White Horse of Uffington.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES.

THE ARAB OF THE DESERT, by H. R. P. Dickson. *Allen & Unwin.* 63*s.*

TALES FROM THE ARAB TRIBES, by G. C. Campbell. *Lindsay Drummond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I read both these books with a feeling of real regret that they had not been published thirty years ago. For they are just what we young British officers in the Middle East should have been reading in those years between the wars, to learn from those who know, at any rate, something of the traditions, customs and outlook of the Arab life with which we were suddenly being brought into such intimate contact. Both Colonel Dickson's and Mr. Campbell's books are scholarly; but, what is far more important, they are not written solely for scholars or experts, and both are eminently readable. And now that they are published, it must be hoped that they will have the circulation they so well deserve. Both should be in every British Middle East Embassy, Legation and Consulate, in every British Chamber of Commerce, in every British club and library and in every British service mess in those parts.

Colonel Dickson was born in Syria. His foster mother was a young Badawi woman from the Anizah tribe. He spoke Arabic from childhood. And with the passage of time—spent mostly in India—he graduated through the Mesopotamian Campaign of 1914-1918 into the Political Branch first in the Lower and Middle Euphrates and later in the Persian Gulf. None of these details of his varied and distinguished career are stressed in his book. For Colonel Dickson is a modest and unpretentious writer. But what does emerge from the pages of *The Arab of the Desert* is the variety of his interests, his adroitness in negotiation, his shrewdness of observation and his vivid gift of honest narrative. And his story has the charm that it teaches without raising any oppression in the mind of the reader that he is being taught. I now feel that I know some-

thing of how the Arab lives in his black tents; how the family life of the desert is ordered ; how he fights and raids ; of his love and care for his horse —or rather his mare ; of his camels ; of his sheep and goats ; of his hawks, and of his dogs—the slim hunting Saluqis and the watch-dogs whose ears are lopped as puppies so as not to be an encumbrance to them in their adult fights with marauders.

Colonel Dickson has devoted two of his chapters to tales and fables traditional in the simple society of the desert. But here we must pass on to *Tales from the Arab Tribes* in which Mr. Campbell has collected sixteen of the stories that have been handed down by Arab story-tellers through the ages. They are magnificent reading—now amusing, now intriguing. All are heavily spiced with the dramatic and the sentimental. And there are some delicious climaxes and the one magnificent anti-climax of Prince Rustam, Ruler of Kermanshah who made the " Noise ". My pleasure as a reader was definitely heightened by my having just finished *The Arab of the Desert*. For as I read Mr. Campbell's tales I found myself steeped in the atmosphere of Colonel Dickson's world. I could see an Arab audience squatting round the story-teller : their gusts of laughter ; their grunts of approval or disapproval and their sighs and their sobs as they swayed now from side to side, now forward, now back, while the story surged from adventure to adventure. Mr. Campbell's translations are happy and unaffected ; and as I read for two unbroken and enchanted hours, my only regret was that I was by my own London fireside and not with him in the Muntafik. One day I must hear Hussein telling " The Story of the Lost Soul " in Arabic in its own desert setting. Colonel Dickson's book is well illustrated by photographs and his wife's drawings and has a fine collection of maps and Arab family trees and a first-class index. Mr. Campbell's tales are effectively supported by John Buckland Wright's woodcuts. OWEN TWEEDY.

THE SCIENCE OF WEALTH, by J. A. Hobson, revised by R. F. Harrod (4th Edn.). *Oxford University Press.* 5*s.*

CURRENCY AND CREDIT, by R. G. Hawtrey (4th Edn.). *Longmans.* 25*s.*

The books of economists howsoever scientific and artful they appear to be on first publication are often falsified by the subsequent intrusion of ignored factors. The expectation of useful life of a new economic concept in our turbulent century is short. As a result the general reader is sceptical and lacks interest in economic literature. This is unfortunate, for within limits the economists know what turns and what stops the wheels of industry and that is something which concerns everyone. Here are welcome reprints of two books which have stood the test of time.

J. A. Hobson, commended by Mr. Roy Harrod, was a heretic also commended in his day by Lenin. His little book provides just that brief but lucid account of the workings of our industrial system which should be basic reading for all who enter the contemporary controversies on wages, prices and profits. What Hobson wrote in 1911 and revised in 1934 now receives modest revision from Mr. Harrod in a short epilogue confined to criticism of Hobson's concept of the unproductive surplus (payments to the owner of any service or factor of production in excess of what is needed to evoke its full supply). There may be holes in Hobson, but rationing, controls and municipal housing all provide examples of how far we have advanced from the reviser's views that " the best available measure of need is the willingness to pay " such a surplus. The *Science of Wealth* is a useful addition to the Home University Library ; the stimulated demands of trade unionist for more wages and industrialist for more profits would be moderated after both had by its light seen the central problem of our mixed economy to be the proper adjustment of spending, saving and replacement.

Laymen are unlikely to explore the works of Professor Hawtrey. *Currency and Credit* is the best known and in it he describes (from his individual angle—the wholesale dealer's outlook) how the flow of credit operates to retard or accelerate, stop or start, industrial activity. The events of 37 years since first publication, and of 23 since the last edition, have not falsified his analysis although they have called for and now are given additions and changes of emphasis in the text. The historical illustrations of this analysis (which comprise half the book) achieve the unusual combination of interest for the general reader and authoritative studies for the expert. Dealing with recent history, war finance and inflation, the writer is succinct but adequate, providing incidentally some clear thinking for those who think the removal of controls would restore the value of money. Professor Hawtrey recognizes that stable money is an indispensable condition of the survival of capitalism, and maintains that credit regulation by bank-rate policy and a realistically managed currency can ensure this stability. He is a critic of the present expansionist policy and disinclination to employ bank-rate and 'dear money' as a corrective: "the demand is for a vehicle without a brake." The one comment may be ventured that whereas monetary devices might control monetary influences which promote disequilibrium any central control of our economic development which relied exclusively upon such a mechanism would surely encounter real disturbances which are less responsive. Precision and a polished style are notable features of this standard work.

EWAN WALLIS-JONES.

A CONCISE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF BRITAIN: From the Earliest Times to A.D. 1750, by Sir John Clapham. *Cambridge University Press* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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earlier economic history than any other. It is only in comparatively recent years that our fully developed individualism has been confronted by that school of thought which suggests that it needs supplementing by the corporate action of the community, as in former days, if the problems of world economy and social justice are to be solved. Partly perhaps for this reason, the academic study of economic history has grown tremendously in importance in the last fifty years and few have played a greater part in its development than the late Sir John Clapham.

It is difficult to present economic history attractively, as few who were brought up on the great Cunningham, for instance, would dispute, but Clapham was able in the lectures which he gave at Cambridge from 1908-1935 to let plenty of sunlight into what he called " the basement of man's house." This book grew out of those lectures, but it is not just their text nor yet a mere re-hash of his notes. It is a new and important work, yet with much from those memorable lectures incorporated in it. So, as Mr. Saltmarsh, who saw the book through the press, says, "for me this book echoes, as few others, the sound of its author's spoken word."

The economic history of Britain is not a history of social habits, but of man's work, and it is concerned therefore mostly with the plough, the loom, the mine, the furnace and the distribution all over the world of their products. This can be arid enough, and Clapham himself in his inaugural lecture as Professor at Cambridge, describes the economic historian as a collector of historical bones, "saying deferentially to the pure historian—it is for you to call on Clio ' Come from the four winds and breathe upon these that they may live.' " Yet he more than anyone else made English economic history live.

The present book is but half of what he intended, but at the time of his death in 1946 the story from the earliest times to 1750 was complete in itself, and his original intention will be fulfilled later by Professor W. H. B. Court's companion volume to cover the period from 1750.

The quality of this first-class book lies not only in the breadth of knowledge at its author's disposal, nor in his skill in selection from such abundant material, but in his felicity of wit and humble wisdom, and in his ability to connect economic activity with political, social and literary happenings. Thus he almost always opens up new avenues of thought for his readers, and is never dull. If criticism there be it is that the book demands some previous knowledge of the subject if full benefit is to be derived from it.

J. F. BURNET.

BENITO MUSSOLINI : MEMOIRS 1942—1943, edited by Raymond Klibansky. *Weidenfeld & Nicholson.* 18*s.*

Reading this book is like climbing a mountain : every time you succeed in surmounting one escarpment, hoping that it will be the last, another is seen rising forbiddingly ahead. The book begins with a Foreword by Professor Raymond Klibansky, explaining what it is all about ; and almost every page thereafter carries footnotes in which the editor corrects or amplifies the text. After the Foreword, there comes an Introduction by Cecil Sprigge, giving the historical background and an interpretation of the Duce as journalist. Next, we reach the main body of the book, consisting of twenty-one self-defensive articles by Mussolini which were originally published in the fascist press of Northern Italy in 1944.

Then the fun really begins. The articles are followed, first, by an Appendix containing letters from Grandi and Badoglio and, secondly, by three eyewitnesses' accounts. Admiral Maugeri tells us what Mussolini told him during the first phase of the internment. (The Admiral's story is prefixed with another Foreword by Professor Klibansky.) The managers

of the Hotel Campo Imperatore provide a simple and vivid account of the Duce's captivity in that mountain resort, and of his liberation by the Germans who landed out of the blue in gliders. And eyewitness Cardinal Schuster describes his last meeting with Mussolini.

As though that were not enough, the principal Appendices then confront us. The first of them is a long commentary on the Italian attack on Greece, by Professor Klibansky. The second Appendix is a shorter editorial note. The third, an exhaustive bibliography. The fourth, a who's who. Finally (mixing the metaphor) the punch-drunk reader stumbles into the Index. He can't believe he has got to the end of it until he really sees the last words : Zog, King, followed by a mercifully blank page.

This thorough and meticulous book will be invaluable for the student of modern Italy. I defy the general reader to scale it.

GEORGE PENDLE.

THE BOOK OF THE P.E.N., edited by Hermon Ould. *Arthur Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This selection of essays, stories, poems, and plays by members of the English P.E.N. Club—arbitrarily arranged by Mr. Hermon Ould—is the kind of book to dip into at odd moments and not to take too seriously. Personal preference is given its head, elevated temporarily into a law, so that one may consort at will with the most congenial of these entirely unassertive companions.

The first three essays are recollections of famous men. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy sets the light tone with a nostalgic fragment about the arrogantly handsome Wilfrid Blunt ; Miss Enid Bagnold's " grand recollection dressed up by Time " captures some of the irrepressible rascality of Frank Harris, whose aptitude for effrontery and literary exhibitionism was quite unrestricted during his imprisonment for contempt of court.

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contributions are perhaps the essays by G. M. Trevelyan and Miss C. V. Wedgwood. The first is a lover of the true historical novel that does not distort known facts, or denigrate historical characters. His consideration of the rights and possibilities of history in fiction is a most authoritative expression of opinion by one who recognizes the social importance of the art of literary reconstruction in our time. Miss Wedgwood's evocative study somehow manages to convey an impression of a whole formative period through the bewildered personality of Charles I.

Mr. C. P. Snow, writing of three creative men—Lord Rutherford, H. G. Wells and Lloyd George—says that the lesson to be learned from the 'thirties was that creative workers in any field " do not strain intolerably at their job." The lives of such writers as Lawrence and Conrad do not support such a view. Real creativeness is indeed a chipping of ideas from the breast-bone. The creative work in this miscellany varies greatly in quality and much of it has not passed through the natural stages of growth which is the gap between journalism and literature. The stories by William Sansom and H. M. Tomlinson have real unity and power ; and the poems by Robert Conquest and Walter de la Mare have convincingness which comes from the utterances of " directed voices ".

The plays by Miss Storm Jameson and Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson offer opportunity for comparison because both were originally written for broadcasting. The first play, *William the Defeated*, brings William, Duke of Normandy to the front of the stage in a meaningful way. He is presented as one who does not understand loyalty or know the practical applications of love. Miss Johnson's *The Duchess At Sunset* is an " imaginary conversation " and, unsupported by the emphasis of the human voice, makes dull reading because it is flat and superficial and without purpose.

Purpose is something that is replacing the older Victorian moral in contemporary literature. It is true that books may not be judged as commodities, nor evaluated by reference even to their moral utility, yet when an organization like the P.E.N. Club produces a book which is a kind of catkin caress, ignoring most of the cultural issues such an organization would be expected to promote, there will be misgivings as to the wisdom of such a departure. Is not this a lost opportunity ? The moral obligations of the writer to society were never greater than they are to-day ; and this book, issued at such a time and from such a source, disappoints because no awareness of the crucial need for creative insight is to be gleaned from its quiet competence.

E. W. MARTIN.

JOHN AUBREY : BRIEF LIVES. Edited by Oliver Lawson Dick. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

Few authors can have been so frequently quoted without acknowledgment or recognition as John Aubrey, and surely no writer of such important matter and with so diverting a quality has been so neglected at source. Aubrey himself, with a self-criticism rare in authors, saw the reason for probable neglect of his writing in the fact that he had no more than " tumultuarily stitcht up what I have many years since collected." Presumably a sense of the odd shapes of history, which the collecting of his material produced, enabled him to foresee among later historians—particularly literary historians—" somebody else (as is not uncommon) put his name to my Paines." Nevertheless, even as he contemplated the vast disorder of his initial writings and subsequent jottings, he could hope that " hereafter it may be an Incitement to some Ingeniose and publick-spirited young Man, to polish and compleat what I have delivered rough hewen."

Mr. Oliver Lawson Dick has recog-

nized in himself that " Ingeniose and publick-spirited young man " and has produced an important book. Aubrey has had many looters, but few editors and his editions in earlier periods have been affected by prejudices and pruderies which have not concerned his present editor. This volume is judiciously selected : it does not contain those of Aubrey's notes for ' Lives ', which are fragmentary or merely the framework for data not subsequently recorded. His work has been here edited to produce 134 coherent essays on sixteenth and seventeenth century men and women of varying degrees of eminence, together with a substantial sketch of Aubrey's life and times as he recorded them.

The result is at once a book of reference and a sequence of livingly peopled pages. Aubrey has not only the inclination to research of the scholar, but also the gossip's ability to illuminate history—a gift he shares with the more superficially confidential Pepys, and the deliberate Creevey and Greville. Mr. Lawson Dick has not found it necessary to go further for the vivid phrase than to careful search and arrangement of Aubrey's own work. Similarly, the author left behind the exact phrase for use by his subsequent reviewers—" when a Boy, I did ever love to converse with old men, as Living Histories." Thus sympathetically edited, Aubrey provides perfect material for the modern sense of period and human inquiry, and certainly no interest in the seventeenth century can be fully satisfied without recourse to his book.

Phrases, incidents, witticisms, startling twists of character in profusion, demand quotation. There is less doubt of Aubrey's complete good faith than of the complete veracity of *all* his statements, but every word he writes has the essential truth of imagination. More, great men, too long petrified in the arid tombs of the chroniclers' histories, are here to be seen with the lines of their faces mobile and instinct with the essence of their being. The scholarly status of this edition is high indeed ; however, the exhaustive bibliography, glossary and index are less memorable than such of its content as the report of the deathbed of Isaac Barrow—" As he laye unravelling in the agonie of death, the Standersby could hear him say softly, *I have seen the Glories of the world.*" Or this, on Beaumont and Fletcher—" They lived together on the Banke side, not far from the Playhouse, both batchelors ; lay together ; had one Wench in the house between them, which they did so admire ; the same cloathes and cloake, etc. between them." And, almost at random, the eye lights with delight on—" Sir John (Danvers) was wont in fair mornings in the summer to brush his Beaver hatt on the Hysop and Thyme, which did perfume it with its naturall Spirit ; and would last a morning or longer."

JOHN ARLOTT.

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" And it shall come to pass, that WHOSOEVER shall CALL on the name of the LORD shall be delivered." (Joel ii. 32.)

THE CALL

O *Lord God Almighty, I call upon Thee for deliverance for myself and for my family in adversities and accidents, and for PROTECTION in earthquakes, floods, and all convulsions of Nature. I also call upon Thee for PROTECTION in dangers, such as rioting and other social disorders, arising out of the confusion accompanying the end of the world's unhappy conditions. And I intreat Thee to make haste, O God, to frustrate the godless menace in Britain ; to redeem the world from sin, sickness, and death; and to take it under Thy immediate Governance. Amen.*

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wrote Paul to the Corinthians. It would be easy to say that life at his cathedral Deanery in London between the wars bore no resemblance to these hardships and so to dismiss the DIARY OF A DEAN: St. Paul's 1911-34 (*Hutchinson.* 21*s.*) as a frivolous book.

" Nothing fails like success "

It is true that Dr. W. R. Inge records a formidable social round in association as he says, " mainly with persons above our station," and of tributes to his eminence, including waived doctors' fees and second class *Mauretania* tickets transferred to a *cabin de luxe.* And it is fair criticism that too much worldliness separated the Dean too sharply from God's other children ; a note about " grimy miners, a rather rough-looking lot, walking about " (and this in 1930), or a surprise that " waifs and strays " (for whom at a function some Belgravia children were mistaken) " looked so respectable ", come unselfconsciously from his pen. Then there is the typical regret that his own strata of society is being squeezed out, and it is here that the important indictment could be made. Over-insistence on the superiority of the cultured and moneyed set, with little sense of responsibility for the uplifting of " the mob ", left the " working classes" to shoulder this task, with the present deplorable tendency to a general levelling down. Not a Labour Government then, but unthinking arrogance, complacence, incuriosity in a powerful minority, seem to be the clue to Dr. Inge's aphorism that " the ruling classes rule themselves out."

In conceding that he is almost always right for the wrong reasons, there is now no bar to the enjoyment of the book. It is full of the wisdom and felicity of expression, buttressed by personal family happiness, that make the books and lectures of his middle years and his current articles in THE FORTNIGHTLY so durable a contribution to the thought of the twentieth century. Some close-cropped editing is perhaps responsible for tantalizing omissions. For example he warms the heart by saying of Mr. Bernard Shaw : " He is a good man, and a great man, and he is kind enough to wish to be our friend," only to fire the curiosity by a bare note that he met Axel Münthe, or André Maurois, or John Galsworthy, or that he "preached extempore at Whitefield's Congregational Church " in 1926. He is ever pertinent on such themes as superstition, the Oxford Group, bigamy, burglary, Warwick Castle, and poetry that scans. In fact, as a congenial subject threatens to monopolize these pages, Bishop Barnes's words, quoted by Mrs. Inge, must fittingly close it :

> The Dean needs no introduction to an English audience. Our people are often surprised that an intellect so keen and piercing into human affairs should yet belong to so great a divine and the greatest mystic of his age.

Whisper Louise

From gaiters to THE MAN IN THE STRAW HAT by Maurice Chevalier (*Odhams.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) is far enough away to account for the names of the owners not figuring in each other's indexes. Yet the juxtaposition here is not so ludicrous; the life story of this poor boy, winning through to the glare of limelight, the son of a " drunk " and of " a saintly woman who brought ten children into the world " while working desperately at lace making, points the moral and completes a social picture in which comfort and security and inherited prestige are only a small part. Even Maurice Chevalier's astonishment that he has got so far provides a piquant comparison with taken-for-granted mental and material affluence. The

book is full of the singer's spirits, high and low, and written in a racy American idiom which presumably belongs to Caroline Clark who is credited only obscurely, on the dust jacket, with the translation. The stories are many and good. Those who have delighted in the poise and polish of Sacha Guitry's acting will appreciate M. Chevalier's comment as he watched him being presented to Alfonso XIII : " In fact Sacha assumed such a kingly manner and the King was so natural that for a moment I had them confused." The whole makes a charming and disarming plea for " the job I have always loved beyond anything all my life."

What is he like ?

All his life to Denton Welch meant but 31 years, crippled for thirteen of them by a road accident in which his spine was fractured. His novel A VOICE THROUGH A CLOUD (*John Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) is so obviously autobiography, with its setting of hospitals and its characters, patients, nurses and doctors, lit up in its extraordinarily vivid flashes of physical suffering, that the reader is sick and wrenched with his agony and numbed by the same shock of uncertainty. The decorations in the book are his, to prove how neatly he held a pencil, and the book stands as the sure promise of a power over words that was cut short two days before the New Year of 1949.—— In the opening essay of THE LIVES OF AUTHORS (*Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) George Gordon, once Professor of Poetry and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, discusses the many reasons why, in Addison's *Spectator* dictum, " a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor." This, of course, is classified as a mainly feminine foible by Professor Gordon ; yet, anyone in publishing could swear how like old women some males are in the exchange of anecdotes about their fellow writers, and, delight and wonder at Shelley's *Adonaïs* has nothing to do with the sex of its reader. The chapter on " The Art and Ethics of Modern Biography " has special reference to Lytton Strachey and his school and will receive the prolonged applause of those who know that irony is not enough to depict a man truthfully. Altogether, this book with its studies of Scott, Bridges, Lang, Milton, Bacon and others is as erudite as it is lighthearted, and as quick to reverence where due as it is slow to ' debunk ' undeservedly.

The perfect spinster

Isabel C. Clarke approaches the author of *Castle Rackrent* with just the proper degree of friendship tempered by respect in MARIA EDGEWORTH (*Hutchinson.* 18*s.*) that her "authoress" (silly word) seems to require. It must be confessed that acquaintance with M. E. has hitherto been limited in these pages to the village of La Celle where her friend and translator, Madame Swanton Belloc, made Arcadian the childhood of Marie and Hilaire, her children. Miss Clarke has now rescued from unfair neglect this full, varied and happy life, spent among an enormous family of brothers and sisters where Maria was the perfect maiden aunt, and where " her enjoyment of books made the evening hours delightful to all." She was the friend of Madame Recamier and of Scott, who acknowledged his debt to her, and with her death at the age of 82 there ended, Mrs. Edgeworth wrote, " the long friendship of fifty-one years unbroken by a single cloud of difference or distrust." Surely a remarkable tribute from a step-mother.

The Friends

The hasty second, third and fourth marriages of Maria Edgeworth's devoted father would have met with the strong disapproval of George Fox, the man most responsible for the ecclesiastical legislation of the Society of Friends. Arnold Lloyd with much scholarship and research has formulated QUAKER SOCIAL HISTORY : 1669-1738 (*Longmans Green.* 21*s.*) in its many

aspects. He has chapters on individual freedom and group authority, on poor relief, on marriage, on Quakers and the State, the Church of England, and youth, on women's meetings, on the worship of the Friends, and on their finance. The book should become without delay an indispensable textbook for students of both the godly and the delinquent in the troubled seventeenth century.

Just as COURT CIRCULAR by Sewell Stokes (*Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) might well become a standby for students of the vagaries of the equally troubled 1940's.

Life in the raw

For all its airy style, this chronicle is quite a solid study of the kinds of delinquency that find themselves before the magistrate. And so it should be, for the author was for four years the Probation Officer at Bow Street. He warns the reader that not a word must be disbelieved ; truth being indeed stranger than fiction he has toned down episode or dialogue which " if reported with absolute accuracy must have appeared too much as if it had been manufactured," and he has scrambled his characters to avoid identification. The secret of its success is that his profession " never for a moment ceased to fascinate " the writer and naturally the telling fascinates the reader. Its effect is of a swift-flowing Scottish burn; the ripples sparkle and dance on the clear brown water ; the gurgle can still be heard under the hillside, before white foam marks again its plunging track. In sober prose, few modern novels can equal its story value.

The psychiatrist guest

None of this is claimed for THE COCKTAIL PARTY by T. S. Eliot (*Faber & Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*), whose conversation and plot meander, and in some places stand quite still. It should be said by this reader, who did not see the Edinburgh production, that probably the timing and pace of the spoken word, and the drawing room and consulting room accessories, force the play to take on life. The doctor utters commonplaces pleasantly enough ; one can only concur with :

> Half the harm that is done in the world
> Is due to people who want to feel important

adding that perhaps the other half is due to the same cause. The family reunion is here the emergence of a couple from the waste land of an unsuccessful marriage. The murder is not this time in the cathedral but on a tropical island where abruptly the natives crucify Celia Coplestone " very near an anthill." The play is called a comedy and there are phrases that might make an audience smile. As some audiences will smile at anything, this, it is feared, is not high praise. To read, it is mildly interesting ; it refuses to be heralded as inspired utterance.

Bougainvillaea and olive

There is just space for a real island " where life after death is more important than life itself." To one who has been no nearer to it than the shores of the Gulf of Genoa, CORSICA (*Peter Garnett.* 7*s.* 6*d.*) as described and drawn by Christopher Gotch seems to possess most of the charms of Italy's mainland from Rapallo to Sorrento. This is assuredly high tribute—to the island, to the author, or to both. He is not less successful with human nature in the ugly, primitive towns, where he uses his architect's eye. As an English Catholic, he says, he is disgusted that chairs in the churches are paid for. Here an English Protestant recalls the " petty practice " at civilization's heart, in Paris itself, where on Sunday mornings it was the disconcerting preliminary to most wonderful music. Yet pew-rents elsewhere are respectable enough.

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PUBLISHED FOR THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, LTD., BY HORACE MARSHALL & SON, LTD.,
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY GEERINGS OF ASHFORD, LTD., 80, HIGH STREET, ASHFORD, KENT.
Publishing Department, Temple House, Tallis Street, E.C.4.
PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND

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Antiseptics

Britain has led the way in the development of antiseptics ever since Lord Lister used carbolic acid in 1865. Lister soon saw that carbolic acid has a destructive effect on living tissue, and he, himself, began the search for antiseptics which would kill bacteria without injuring the patient. Recent years have seen great strides towards this goal, with chemical laboratories producing a range of vastly improved antiseptics. Of these new materials, iodine has been used in hospitals and homes all over the world, and from it the newer, less irritant iodoform has been evolved. Research has also focussed attention on the antiseptic properties of chlorine and the quaternary ammonium compounds, such as " CTAB " (cetyltrimethylammonium bromide), while an important group of antiseptics — including acriflavine, proflavine and gentian violet — has sprung from the dyestuffs industry. The general availability of so many reliable antiseptics today owes much to the efforts in research and production of the scientists and chemical workers of Imperial Chemical Industries.